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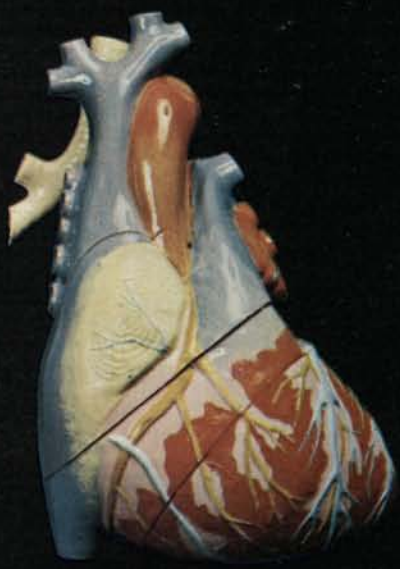

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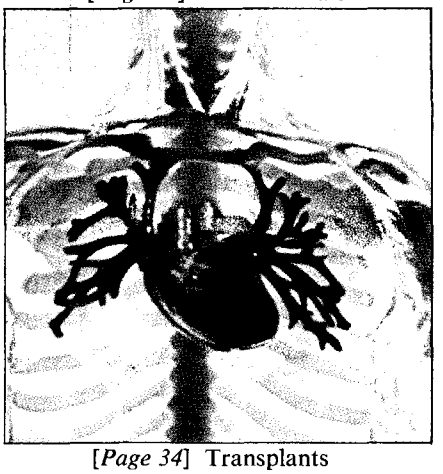
Leading Articles:

[*Page 12*] Nerve Gas

[*Page 19*] Rock for Sale

[*Page 25*] The Black CIA



[*Page 34*] Transplants

Herein:

ON ELDRIDGE CLEAVER 4
by Kathleen Cleaver

UNCOVERING THE NERVE GAS COVERUP 12
by Seymour Hersh

ROCK FOR SALE 19
by Michael Lydon

THE CIA AS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER 25
by the Editors

THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER 34
by W. David Gardner

AN ANALYSIS: The U.S. Stake in the Sino/Soviet Dispute 39
by David Horowitz

EPHEMERA:

THE PASSION OF TOMMY SMOTHERS 44
by Peter Collier

REVIEWING THE RAY CASE 50
by Bill Turner

NEXT ISSUE: A 10,000-word report from Sweden by Susan Sontag

Ramparts

VOL. 7, NO. 13 JUNE 1969

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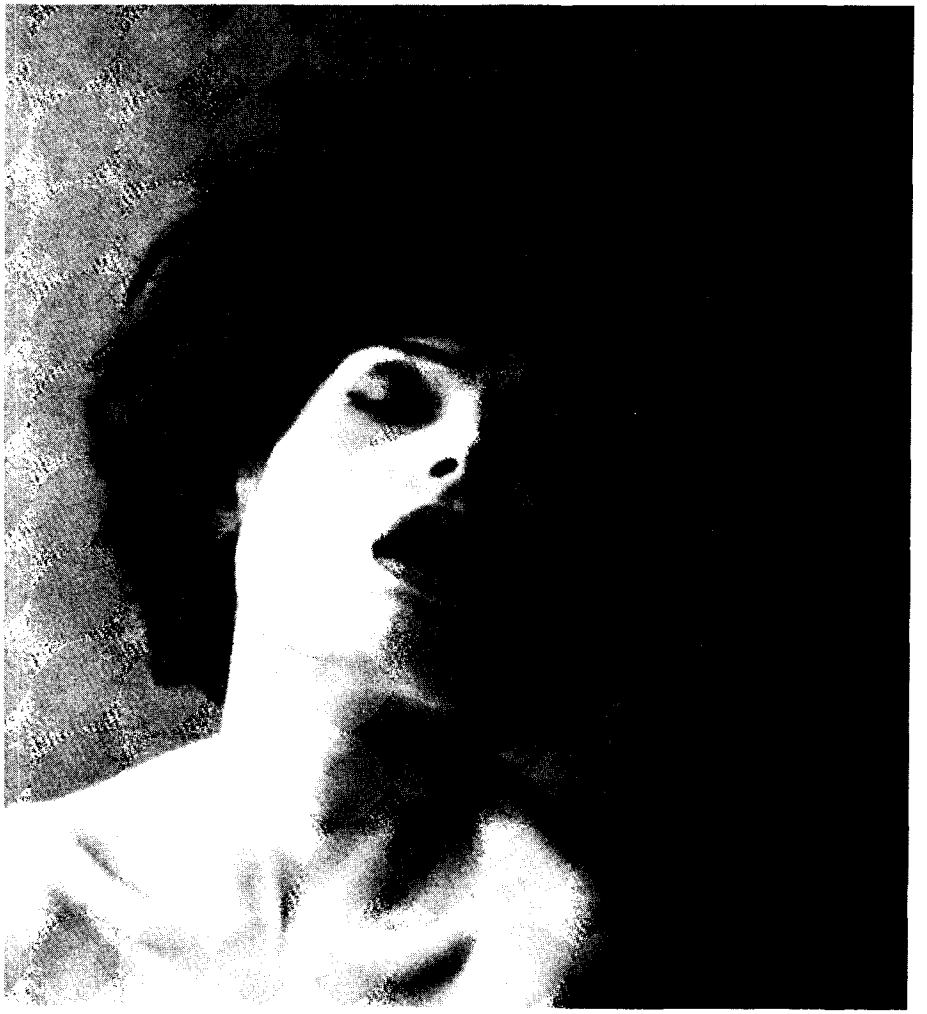

Satisfied

Pictured above is a subscriber to **Avant-Garde**, the new bimonthly magazine. The lady has just finished reading her latest issue and, as usual, she's satisfied.

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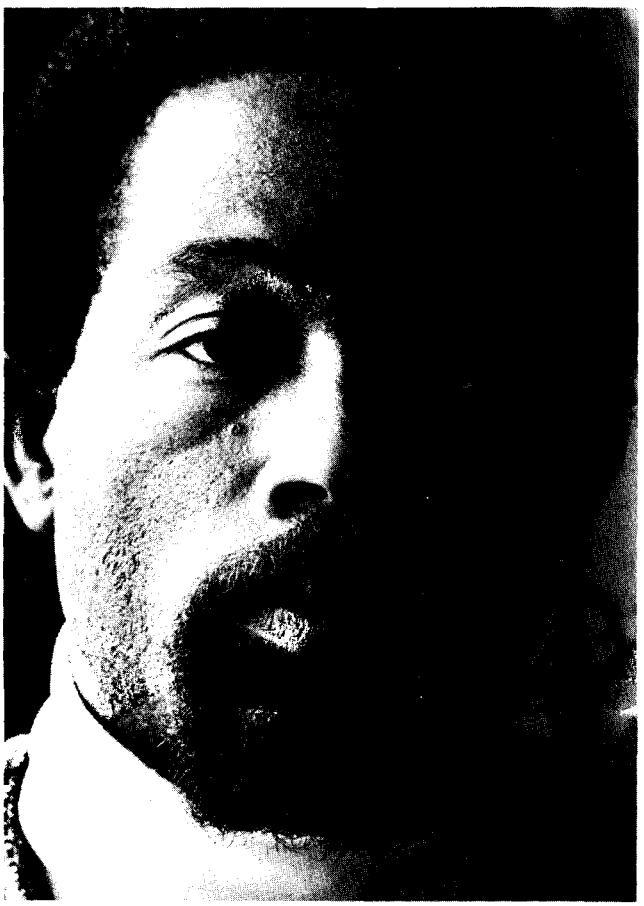
On Eldridge Cleaver, by Kathleen Cleaver



I FIRST MET ELDRIDGE CLEAVER in Nashville, Tennessee, at a Black Student Conference held by SNCC at Fisk University in March 1967. I was then SNCC's campus program secretary and Eldridge was an invited speaker. What startled me most about him—a brilliant writer, an eloquently lucid speaker, as well as a tremendously handsome and magnetic person—was that he referred to himself as a "convict." Seeing him at the conference as he moved about with supreme confidence, an ease that approached elegance, and a dignified reserve that all combined to give him an air that could best be described as stately, it seemed hard to conceive of this powerful man as a "convict." He exuded strength, power, force in his very physical being. To think of such a man caged up and designated for the dungheap of history was impossible. In my blissful ignorance, Eldridge Cleaver seemed as remote from prison as the moon; he walked the earth like a king. On board the plane from Nashville to Washington, D.C., I wrote a passionate love poem to Eldridge called, "My King, I Greet You," my answer to his Open Letter to All Black Women from All Black Men titled: "My Queen, I Greet You."

My bliss far outlasted my ignorance concerning Eldridge's relationship to prison. Shortly after his arrival in Nashville, the nature of his status vis-à-vis prison began to come to light. He didn't explain to us what being on parole meant, but he couldn't leave Nashville for any side trips during the conference because he didn't have permission from his parole officer. And he couldn't stay any longer than 15 days without returning to California to get a new permission slip signed.

After the student riot broke out in Nashville on April 7, Eldridge was ordered by parole authorities to get on a plane and fly back to San Francisco immediately or be arrested by the Nashville police and have his parole revoked, meaning he would be returned to prison. The authorities' relentless attempts to cage Eldridge, whether by prison or parole, against his own driving determination to challenge them with his freedom—over the next two years I saw these two forces clash in irreversibly mounting, violent conflict.

Eldridge Cleaver's political career had begun in prison and his prison activities had won him the undying enmity of the officialdom of the entire state penitentiary system long before he became a target for higher state officials. After spending the first four years (from 1956 to 1960) of his last sentence in San Quentin's honor block, Eldridge left the favored conditions to join the Black Muslims. His friend Booker became the Minister and Eldridge the Assistant Minister of the San

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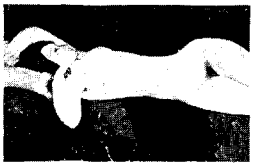

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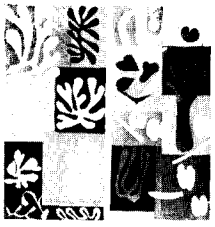

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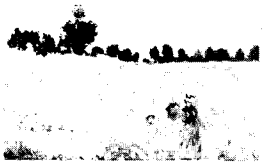

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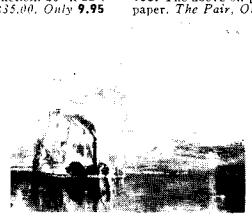

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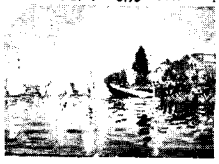

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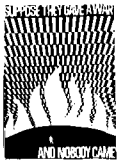

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Quentin Mosque. Their efforts to organize and educate the black convicts in San Quentin were so explosive that by 1963, the prison officials had plotted their destruction. Booker was attacked by a group of white Nazis on the yard and while Eldridge was trying to protect him, the guards in the gun tower fired at them—the bullet went over Eldridge's shoulder and killed Booker.

Eldridge left the Muslims when Malcolm X was put out and then organized a political group called the African-American History and Culture Class to follow Malcolm X's teachings. Alprentice "Bunchy" Carter, later a Deputy Minister of Defense of the Black Panther Party who was assassinated at UCLA on January 17, 1969, was his second-in-command while they were in Soledad together. During a conversation last year, Bunchy told me that Eldridge essentially was held as a political prisoner the last five years he spent in prison. The only reason he was denied parole was his political activities. Eldridge could have stayed in the honor block for a couple of more years, kept silent, and gotten out on the streets with little trouble. But because he moved to deal with the problems of black convicts and black people, because he refused to submit to the well delineated role of slave, he became a victim of the most degrading, dangerous and destructive form of repression this society has devised—that sadistic, insane torture that prison officials visit upon the inmates with complete impunity. It was only Eldridge's tremendous strength which prevented him from being destroyed and broken in prison like the vast majority of convicts. When Malcolm X began to become nationally prominent, a federal directive was sent out to all prisons to watch out for Malcolm X types and destroy them. The prison officials attempted to give Eldridge shock treatment to destroy his mind, but he would fight them off and get dragged to the hole.

Once released on parole from Soledad on December 12, 1966, Eldridge immediately became a "special study case." He was required to see his parole officer once a week and all his movements were carefully watched, circumscribed and reported. The prison authorities had no intention of allowing Eldridge to live in peace nor to remain on parole for long; the only reason they finally agreed to release him was because they knew—or rather they thought—they could lock him back up whenever they decided to.

A parolee has no privacy, no rights, no independence. Eldridge's parole officer could enter his residence at any time for any reason. He had to submit "monthly reports" on his place of residence, his job, how much money he earned, what kind of car he drove, and so on. He had to receive permission to buy a car. He was not allowed to get married until he had been on parole for six months, and then he had to get a form signed restoring his civil right to marry. Their perversions and their control, both subtle and blatant, were endless. I soon had abundant opportunity to see why Eldridge had referred to himself as a convict when I met him.

ON JANUARY 16, 1968, ABOUT THREE A.M., the morning before a scheduled Panther rally, the San Francisco Tactical Squad kicked down the door to our apartment, barged in with drawn guns, and ransacked the place. We took that as a warning from the pigs. From then on the harassment of the Party intensified. And with Eldridge's role becoming increasingly important, especially in the Party's collaboration with the white radicals in the Free Huey movement, the focus of the pigs on Eldridge became sharper and clearer.

On April 6, Eldridge spoke at a rally on the Sproul Hall steps at Berkeley. I remember we were walking up Telegraph Avenue toward the campus; the sun was shining brightly and as I looked at Eldridge, with his black leather jacket gleaming in the sun, his black sweater, black pants, black shoes, black hair and black sunglasses, walking deliberately and thoughtfully up the street, he seemed to be cloaked in death. I felt an overpowering sense of dread that I could neither explain nor articulate; the thought flashed through my mind that this was the last time I would ever see Eldridge. But I quickly pushed the thought aside. Of course, we knew that death could come at any minute and we were always prepared to face the ultimate. Any minute Eldridge could be whisked back to the penitentiary—anything could happen.

That night I was waiting for Eldridge to come get me from a friend's house in Berkeley. We watched the 11:00 news and a report came on about a shoot-out with the Oakland police, but no names, no time, no location was given. I remembered my earlier premonition and shuddered, but I pushed it out of my mind again. I fell asleep on the couch by the phone. Many people tried to call me that night but I slept through the calls as if I were drugged. At five a.m., I finally awoke to receive a call from attorney Alex Hoffmann. He told me that Eldridge was in San Quentin and Bobby Hutton was dead.

I finally saw Eldridge at 11:00 a.m. on April 7 in the Vacaville, California, Medical Facility. He was in a wheelchair, completely covered with burns, bruises and cuts, and his foot was bandaged. Since the last time I had seen him, he had been trapped in a burning house on 12th Street in Oakland while a 50-man police assault filled it with 1000 rounds of ammunition; had seen the pigs shoot Bobby Hutton five times in the head and chest after he had surrendered with his hands in the air; had been arrested and beaten in the ambulance on the way to the hospital. He was treated for immediate wounds, whisked from the hospital, made to lie on the floor at the Alameda County Jail while he was perfunctorily booked, then rushed to San Quentin where the guard at the prison hospital refused to lift him up the stairs, threw him on the steps and told him to walk before he was admitted to the hospital. Then, early that morning, he was spirited off to Vacaville and placed in solitary confinement under maximum security. His face was bloated from tear gas and his eyes were swollen out of shape. His hair and beard were matted. The guards wheeled him into the attorney's room from his cell. I watched through the glass windows as he was wheeled down the hall—he looked like a captured giant, a battered war casualty, a caged king. During the past few months Eldridge had begun to refer to himself as the Minister of Information, but here he was, again a convict.

He was so drugged that he could hardly keep his head up or his eyes open. I was reading the reports of the shoot-out to him from the Oakland Tribune and his head kept falling down. I put my arms around his shoulders to support his neck, and every time his head fell on my shoulder, I would kiss him lightly on the forehead. This incensed the guards watching outside; they came in and forced me to sit on the other side of the table. In prison, even a kiss from a wife is against the rules.

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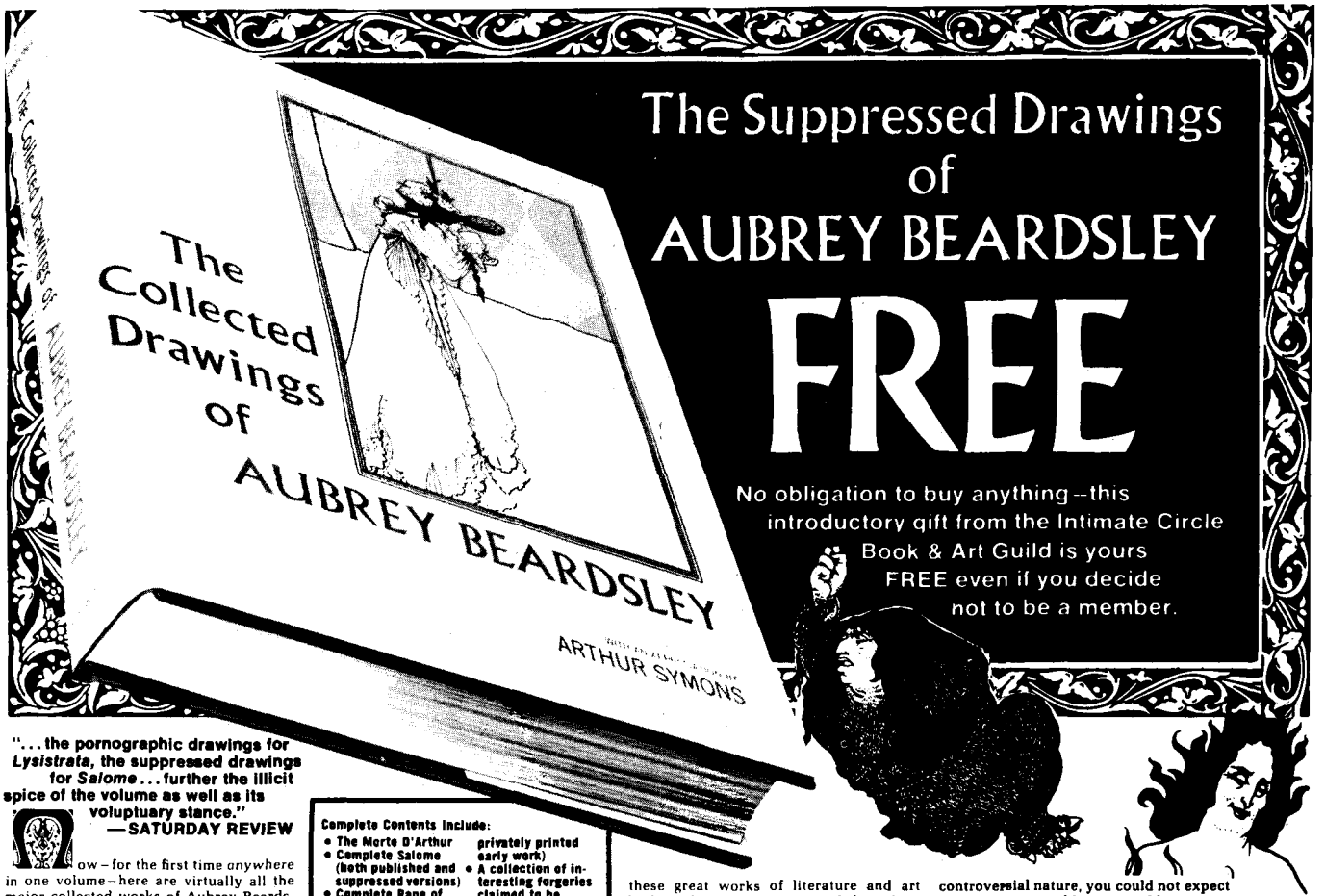

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After our visit, Alex Hoffmann managed to get Eldridge transferred from solitary confinement to the hospital, where his wounds could be treated. But there was always the fear that while he was in that prison hospital, the pigs could do something to him or give him something to destroy his mind. Vacaville is where men are turned into vegetables. During his entire stay in prison, Eldridge was kept in the Reception and Guidance Center at Vacaville. Usually, a convict is just processed there and then shipped out to another joint. The restrictions concerning visitors, possessions and communication are tightest during this period, and Eldridge was kept there for an indefinite time in order to isolate him from the Party and his friends. Not even an outside doctor was allowed, a privilege we attempted to secure to protect his life.

The two months Eldridge spent in Vacaville were a torture beyond recall. I seemed to live the entire time in a state of suspended animation, more dead than alive. Getting Eldridge out of prison was my sole concern. Chaos ensued in the Party. We were lurched into another dimension in time; Martin Luther King had been assassinated April 4 in Memphis and Bobby Hutton had been murdered April 6 in Oakland. Eldridge Cleaver had been wounded and returned to prison.

We initiated a mass campaign to get Eldridge released from prison where he was now confined as a parole violator, facing four years of his last sentence and life imprisonment if convicted on the new charges: three counts of assault with a deadly weapon and three counts of attempted murder. His parole had been revoked by telephone from Sacramento on the demand of the Oakland Police Department. There was no official written revocation of parole for days afterward. On May 8, the Adult Authority finally came up with the charges: possession of a gun, association with disreputable characters and refusal to cooperate with his parole officer. The first charge had yet to be decided in his court case in Alameda County; the last two were transparently spurious—the "characters of ill repute" were members of the Black Panther Party; the refusal to cooperate with his parole officer consisted of a phone call Eldridge allegedly didn't make to his parole officer in April to inform him that he had returned from New York. No date for a hearing with the Adult Authority was set and, apparently, none was even considered.

In May, however, a court hearing was obtained on a writ of habeas corpus filed by attorney Charles Garry. The hearing was held in the quiet, sunlit courtroom of the Solano County Courthouse. In contrast to the massive pig presence in the Alameda County Courthouse, where Eldridge was brought to court in an armored car with a motorcycle guard and accompanied by numerous armed guards, in Judge Sherwin's court he was accompanied by only three prison guards.

To the shock of everyone involved in our campaign to release Eldridge, Judge Raymond Sherwin granted the writ of habeas corpus on June 11, 1968. Paul Jacobs, Dr. Jane Aguilar, Godfrey Cambridge, Dr. Phillip Shapiro and Ed Keating were all there to assist with the $50,000 bail. The bonding company allowed us to put up $5000 in cash and accepted these people's signatures as collateral for the rest of the money.

To me it seemed as if this were a dream. I couldn't believe my eyes as I watched Eldridge being processed for release by the Solano County Sheriff's office. They brought him down the hall where a crowd of people waited to witness this unprecedented event. The sun in the valley had tanned Eldridge to a crisp reddish brown; he was very lean, having lost weight in the penitentiary, and his beard and mustache had been shaven. He looked ten years younger, and as one friend put it, rather "newborn." We drove back to San Francisco and held a brief press conference-celebration in Garry's office. When asked by reporters what his immediate plans were, Eldridge replied, "I want to get reacquainted with my wife."

On June 14, the Adult Authority held a secret meeting to plot their next move against Eldridge, now that their first ploy had been foiled by their own state courts. Huey Newton's trial began on July 15.

THE OPENING OF HIS TRIAL marked the culmination of all our intense efforts on every level toward mobilizing mass support for Huey P. Newton. Once the verdict was in, it would be clear exactly what course of action we would have to take.

Eldridge had staked his life on saving Huey from the gas chamber. He had said and written many times that Huey P. Newton would go to the gas chamber over his dead body. He meant every word of it.

Every day following the 15th of July was a day closer to the showdown. The Adult Authority was working behind the scenes and in the courts every day to get Eldridge back behind bars. The local pigs, the FBI and the CIA were watching, listening, plotting and lurking around us in all kinds of guises. Eldridge wore the tension like a suit of mail, so heavy it jangled every time he moved. He was in constant motion, never relaxed, never off-guard for a second. He drove many different cars, stayed in many different places, was always on the way from one meeting or conference or appointment to the next, never stopping to rest. Wherever he passed out, he slept; wherever he was at mealtime, he ate. When he needed to change clothes, he'd buy them if he didn't have any with him. This had been Eldridge's pattern of living/organizing/surviving since the day Huey was shot, but now it was escalated to a fantastic pitch.

He traveled all over the city, state and country, demanding the release of Huey and the liberation of the black colony. Outside of working toward these goals, he had no life. His past was prison; his future was prison; the only arena Eldridge could work in was the present, the moment, the immediate reality. From being the key organizer and spokesman of the Free Huey movement, Eldridge moved to become its key victim. The brunt of the retaliation against the Party and against the mass movement involving thousands of people was being taken out on him because he was the most vulnerable, as well as the most valuable, motivator.

The courtroom drama unfolded week after week; and each week Eldridge was drawing larger crowds across the country in support of the demand that Huey P. Newton be set free.

In August, the presidential conventions were held. The parole authorities banned Eldridge from attending either the Democratic or the Republican Conventions, where he was to be sent by RAMPARTS as a journalist; it was only after threatening a major court battle that he was allowed to attend the Peace and Freedom Convention in Ann Arbor. Eldridge Cleaver was overwhelmingly voted in as the party's presidential candidate, defeating Dick Gregory, Dr. Spock and Eugene McCarthy by a long shot.

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The verdict on the Newton trial came in on September 8: guilty of manslaughter. It was a compromise verdict, but the basic objective of keeping Huey out of the gas chamber had been won. It was a resounding defeat for the establishment: even the jury rejected the official version of the pigs' story.

BEFORE THE DUST COULD SETTLE from the storm of Huey's trial, the California establishment created another issue to ram down the throats of the people and to vilify the Movement. A group of students and faculty at the University of California at Berkeley, the Committee for Participant Education, invited Eldridge to lecture on racism in a small experimental course, Social Analysis 139X.

Social Analysis 139X became the most controversial class in the history of the University, and it made Eldridge Cleaver a nationally celebrated victim of Ronald Reagan. Reagan, Rafferty and the state legislature couldn't wait to idiotically condemn the most socially acceptable endeavor in which Eldridge had ever participated.

Too much had happened in Berkeley and Alameda County for the governor to remain silent; the white youth had shown their mettle not only on the campuses but also at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago. The fight against radical white youth, for whom Berkeley was Mecca, and against revolutionary black youth, for whom Eldridge Cleaver was a saint, was on. The newspapers were filled with the ramblings of high-placed officials about the sanctity of education and the wisdom of age. The youth answered in the streets.

In the heat of the UC controversy, the final bombshell exploded. On September 27, the day Huey Newton was sentenced and spirited away to Vacaville, the State Court of Appeals rendered its decision on Eldridge's release from Vacaville: he had 60 days to return to prison. The verdict here was no less political than the Newton jury's verdict—and no less of a compromise. Giving Eldridge a 60-day notice to return to prison was an admission from the courts of their fear of locking him up as well as their fear of leaving him on the streets. It was as if the state had given him 60 days to get out of town.

The decision, which I had been prepared to hear ever since Eldridge was released, left a deadened feeling in the pit of my stomach. There was no question in my mind about Eldridge's returning to prison; not only would it have been, as he said, the trip that breaks a man, but the trip would have destroyed me. I could not possibly be a witness, an accomplice in the total degradation and planned assassination of my husband which would have resulted from his return to prison. Committing suicide would have been easier. We both knew Eldridge could never go back to prison, could never negate all he had ever done and said, the life he had begun to live so fervently, so passionately, so dynamically, and most clearly of all, so completely revolutionarily.

It was impossible to conceive of returning to prison. The only question was how and when to move—but somehow, neither of us could accept the 60 days as a serious threat. If the state wanted Eldridge in prison, there were easier and more certain ways of getting him there. It was clear from the nature of the decision that their next move would be dependent on Eldridge's response to their threat.

What went on in Eldridge's mind once he heard the decision, I never knew; he rarely discussed it. We could not discuss it. We could only act. What Eldridge wanted was to precipitate a final showdown with the Adult Authority. If he hadn't been ambushed that April 6 and had his parole revoked, he would have been eligible for a discharge from parole in December. Now he had to return to prison on November 27. Regardless of whether or not we discussed November 27, it was the overwhelming reality that cast a pall over everything. Truly, the pigs had set a deadline on Eldridge. Our life became more chaotic than it had ever been, so chaotic that the tremendous chaos which had preceded the September decision now seemed like a joyride.

I watched Eldridge daily grow increasingly tense, harassed and paranoid. I saw less and less of him as his schedule became tighter, his time shorter. One day he bought himself an hourglass with pale blue crystals for sand which ran completely through in approximately ten minutes. He appeared drained and exhausted. The pressure that was being

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exerted upon him could not be shared; it was a solitary burden, for no one else was named in the order to return to prison. No one else could go with him. The thousands and thousands of followers he had couldn't keep him out of prison, for the Movement had not advanced to such a position of strength.

Eldridge's hair became greyer; his face became haggard; his shoulders began to sag. It was horrible to see the look of defeat begin to creep into his eyes, something I'd never seen in Eldridge as long as I'd known him. He became a man tortured night and day by a fate too deadly to accept, too real to ignore.

But it only seemed to spur him on to ever greater activity. He continued to lecture at Berkeley, and he accepted speaking engagements all over the country. He spent more time at RAMPARTS, working on his writings, and he initiated the *Biography of Huey Newton* by Bobby Seale. He began to spend more time with the Party, teaching political education classes and tightening the security apparatus within the organization. I wouldn't see him for days on end. When he did come home, it would be in the morning to bathe, change his clothes, sometimes eat, and then leave. He became totally preoccupied with the work which he loved, and which he soon would have to stop.

IT IS PAINFUL TO RECOUNT THESE DAYS, so painful my mind refuses to come up with the details. We lived a life with the beauty and joy of our love and work daily being crushed out and drained away by the pressure of the deadline. October drew to a close; November came. By November I was so exhausted, both mentally and physically, emotionally and psychically, I was convinced I would be dead by the end of the month. Eldridge would never say what he was going to do other than refer to a showdown. But as glorious as the idea sounded, in reality there weren't enough forces to make a successful stand. There could only be a massacre, no matter how heroic.

We had lived on the brink of death for so long, our life, since Huey had been shot, was so consumed with political work, that we had practically lost the ability to think or act on a personal basis. The personal was political, the political was personal. I knew if Eldridge didn't disappear he would be murdered in prison or killed in the streets. I silently begged him to leave; hundreds of friends and co-workers also hoped he would move to protect himself, and some openly told him he had to split. Only a sadist or a fool could have wanted him to return to prison.

Before I met Eldridge, I had read his "Letters from Prison" in RAMPARTS; what astounded me was the tremendous strength he demonstrated in recreating himself in prison. If a man can grow and develop as Eldridge had, subjected to the conditions of prison, if a man is not broken by these conditions, but instead becomes a profoundly beautiful and sensitive man, then nothing can break him.

When I met Eldridge at the Fisk conference and got to know him a little, I was surprised by his tenderness. Expecting him to be harsh and cold from his experiences, I found Eldridge to be amazingly warm, kind, gentle and sensitive. And as we came to know each other well, fell in love, began living together, got married and began working together, I watched Eldridge continue to grow, to develop, and to improve himself. His capacity for regeneration seemed boundless. And his dedication to the liberation of black people, in truth to the liberation of humanity, is total. One of Eldridge's greatest talents is the ability to see another person's latent strengths and abilities and bring them to the surface, making that person stronger and more competent than he ever thought he could be.

But to describe Eldridge is not my task here. Suffice it to say that his return to prison would not only have killed him, but would have killed me, and even more important, it would have killed everything that humanity strives to reach. The attack on Eldridge was launched not on him as an individual, and not on him as a black man, but on him as a leader expressing the aspirations of millions of people everywhere for the freedom of humanity.

As the deadline of November 27 came closer and closer, most people were too stunned to know what to do. A small handful decided to set up a vigil outside our home on Pine Street to protect Eldridge from the pigs; the pigs came anyway, infiltrating the vigil, trying to act like our friends. But in spite of everything they did and said, Eldridge Cleaver slipped away and hasn't been heard from since. Thank God.

The end of Eldridge's Affidavit No. 2 about the Oakland shoot-out, written April 19, 1968, says it all: "Why am I alive? While at Highland Hospital, a pig said to me: 'You ain't going to be at no barbecue picnic tomorrow. You the barbecue now!' Why did little Bobby die? It was not a miracle, it just happened that way. I know my duty. Having been spared my life, I don't want it. I give it back to our struggle. Eldridge Cleaver died in that house on 28th Street with little Bobby, and what's left is force: fuel for the fire that will rage across the face of this racist country and either purge it of its evil or turn it into ashes. I say this for little Bobby, for Eldridge Cleaver who died that night, for every black man, woman and child who ever died here in Babylon, and I say it to racist America, that if every voice is silenced by your guns, by your courts, by your gas chambers, by your money, you will know, that as long as the ghost of Eldridge Cleaver is afoot, you have an *enemy* in your midst."

When people ask about the $50,000 bail and want to know why Cleaver doesn't pay it since he has so much money from his books, I can only look at them. I can't even argue, although all the money from his books, which hardly amounts to $50,000, is being held in lien by the Internal Revenue Service on the pretext that they have no guarantee that the taxes will be paid. Eldridge Cleaver's debts have been paid with his blood, with his suffering, with his work, with his life. When will others begin to pay? Must Eldridge also pay the salaries of his tormentors, his would-be murderers, his enemies? What more can be taken from him that has not already been freely given to the people's struggle?

He said, "Eldridge Cleaver died in that house on 28th Street with little Bobby. . . ." Kathleen Cleaver died in that house on Pine Street when Eldridge walked out for the last time, driven away from the life and people that he loved as he had never loved before. . . . What's left is the mother of Eldridge Cleaver's child, more fuel for the fire that has set this country aflame, and of this country I say with Robert Williams, "Let it burn, let it burn."

Contributions to the Cleaver Bail Fund should be sent to the Cleaver Bail Fund, c/o Charles Garry, 341 Market Street, Room 501, San Francisco, California. $33,000 of the $50,000 is still to be raised by June 23; otherwise the signators will be held personally responsible.

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"The voluntary muscles go into a state of vibration and then become paralyzed. With the involuntary muscles, which power the blood vessels and other internal organs, the delicate balance of actuating the deactuating nervous stimulations is upset. The pupils, bladder and alimentary canal constrict, the penis erects, the tear and saliva glands secrete and the heart slows. The cause of death is generally asphyxia following paralysis of the respiratory muscles."

On Uncovering the Great Nerve Gas Coverup

by Seymour Hersh

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THE SIGN OUTSIDE THE ONLY ENTRANCE to the Dugway Proving Grounds offers a macabre welcome: "Warning—dangerous instrumentalities of war are being tested on this post. Caution: Do not handle any unidentified objects. Report their location to security."

Dugway, the Army's chemical and biological testing station, is spread out along one million acres ranging from Skull Valley, Utah—about 80 miles southwest of Salt Lake City—to the Great Salt Lake Desert—halfway to Nevada in the west. It is perhaps the key installation among the five bases that make up the military's billion dollar chemical and biological warfare (CBW) arsenal.

The first two weeks of March 1968 were hectic ones for the soldiers and scientists at the proving grounds. The base was in the midst of a series of airborne tests involving nerve gas; nearby sheep ranchers heard the echo of sonic booms daily as the jet airplanes sprayed their deadly cargo onto test areas. Things went as usual until the cold and windy late afternoon of March 13. The Army scheduled the day's test flight for six p.m. The test site was marked off in grids like an outsized football field; thousands of air samplers had been installed throughout the proving grounds and beyond to electronically monitor and track the spread of gas. Later, Dugway researchers dressed in protective suits, high rubber boots and rubber gloves would survey the test site to inspect vegetation and the remains of animal life.

After two trial runs, a jet aircraft carrying a pair of high-pressure spray tanks filled with nerve gas swung over the base at high speed before barreling back toward the test site at an altitude of 150 feet. The time was 5:49 p.m. The gas was to be discharged under a pressure of 6.5 pounds per square inch; it had been dyed red to make visibility easier at dusk. At least three, possibly four, high-speed cameras equipped with color film carefully recorded the plane's approach and its discharge of the poison gas. The winds were blowing from the southwest to the northeast—toward Salt Lake City—at ground speeds of 5 to 25 miles per hour with gusts up to 35 miles per hour. Similar conditions prevailed up to 2300 feet.

The intention was not to test the gas itself, nor the high-pressure dispensers. The Army staged the test to determine how the gas distributes itself downwind in winds 5 to 25 miles per hour blowing to the northeast. That was the only information desired. The color films, which are highly classified, tell the story: the jet roared in at or above the speed of sound, opened its tanks and began spraying the test area. After a few seconds, the tanks were to close and the plane pull up. But something went wrong, and the tanks stayed open. The plane pulled up with the lethal nerve agent still spraying out. The Army has admitted to various state and federal officials, who were cleared for security, that gas escaped at least 1500 feet into the windy upper reaches above Dugway. Many observers believe the gas was carried far higher. (One knowledgeable source said a computation gave the cloud of lethal gas a range of 394 miles.) The men at Dugway watched helplessly as the gas drifted toward U.S. Highway 40, a heavily traveled route which serves as a main link between the Midwest and Northern California. But at seven p.m., an hour after the gas escaped, they got a break. The winds shifted slightly from the southwest to the west; the gas was blown away from Highway 40 toward Skull Valley. About that time, a heavy rain began to fall, washing the toxic material from the air. Hours later, it began to snow.

Sometime early the next morning, Sheriff Fay Gillette of nearby Tooele County was told there was trouble in Skull Valley, a sheep-grazing area across a small mountain range from the military test center. Gillette quickly drove out to investigate. "I've never seen such a sight in my life," the sheriff recalled later. "It was like a movie version of 'death and destruction'—you know, like after The Bomb goes off. Sheep laying all over. All of them down—patches of white as far as you could see. All the Basque sheepherders could say was 'muerto, muerto.' " Sheep were killed as far as 47 miles west of the test site. U.S. 40 is 33 miles to the north.

What Gillette and the terrified sheepmen had seen on March 14 in Skull Valley was the beginning of what was ultimately to be the death of 6400 sheep. "I had an idea right off whose fault it was," Gillette said. But, like other officials of the state, he kept his thoughts to himself.

THE MILITARY MEN AT DUGWAY watched in silence for a week as teams of state and federal veterinarians and pathologists investigated the strange deaths. Many of the scientists believed at first that the sheep had died from eating poisonous weeds; others talked of pesticides. As the incident attracted nationwide interest Skull Valley was quickly filled with newspapermen and television crews. Reporters wrote of sheep with drooping heads, twisted necks and spines. A UPI dispatch on March 24 told of dying sheep that "could be seen making kicking movements with their feet in vain attempts to rise, great heaving movements in their chests as if they were short of breath, and their eyes appeared to be staring without really seeing." The report noted that the symptoms were very similar to those produced by nerve gas poisoning.

The Army doesn't talk openly about nerve gas anymore, but in years past the public was exposed regularly to horror-ridden—and Pentagon-inspired—articles telling, as one popular magazine did 15 years ago, of the "New Weapon of Chilling Terror." In 1954, Lieutenant Colonel S. J. Efnor, then commander of the Rocky Mountain Arsenal, a chemical production base near Denver, told a local newspaper that, "The gas from a single bomb the size of a quart fruit jar could kill every living thing within a cubic mile, depending on the wind and weather conditions. . . . A tiny drop of the gas in its liquid form on the back of a man's hand will paralyze his nerves instantly and deaden his brain in a few seconds. Death will follow in 30 seconds."

Nerve gas acts by lowering the level of cholinesterase, a key chemical in red blood cells that controls muscular coordination. A science writer once explicitly described what follows: "The voluntary muscles go into a state of vibration and then become paralyzed. With the involuntary muscles, which power the blood vessels and other internal organs, the delicate balance of actuating the deactuating nervous stimulations is upset. The pupils, bladder and alimentary canal constrict, the penis erects, the tear and saliva glands secrete and the heart slows. The cause of death is generally asphyxia following paralysis of the respiratory muscles." In short, victims of nerve gas poisoning strangle in their own vital organs.

The March 13 test involved a nerve agent known as VX, which was developed by researchers in the late 1950's at the Edgewood Arsenal, the Army's main chemical warfare

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research center near Baltimore, Maryland. VX is unlike other nerve agents in that it is a persistent chemical with a heavy consistency and it evaporates slowly. Once used, the gas turns a target area into a virtual no-man's-land.

According to Dugway officials, slightly more than seven milligrams of VX, or about 7/1000's of a gram, would have a 100 per cent certainty of killing a 100-pound sheep if applied to its face and hoofs. "It would have killed people just as quickly as anything else," said one civilian who took part in the subsequent investigation of the sheep slaughter, "but everybody was under cover. The combination of rain and dark kept everybody inside that night. It was cold and people driving in cars through the valley had their windows rolled up." The source added that the amount of nerve gas needed to kill a sheep is roughly equivalent to the average lethal dosage for a man.

The military, quick to deny that it had been testing anything even remotely toxic on the base, assured newsmen that tests with nerve agents or similar weapons had not been conducted since the preceding July. "When we first found out about it, we checked and found we hadn't been running any tests that would cause this," Dugway public information officer Tom Donnelly announced on March 20.

But the next day the Pentagon sent a fact sheet to the office of Utah Senator Frank E. Moss, telling a different tale: tests involving 320 gallons of a "persistent agent were conducted from two spray tanks from a high-speed type aircraft approximately 27 miles from the nearest sheep herd." A Pentagon official quickly called Moss' office to explain that the fact sheet was for "Official Use Only," but it was too late; a press aide had already telephoned newsmen with the information. Just why the information was made available isn't clear; perhaps the Pentagon had miscalculated its hold over Moss, a senator who usually remembers the extent to which Utah's economy is directly linked to defense spending. The military is the state's largest employer; last year the Pentagon paid more than $260 million in salaries and nearly $180 million in contracts to defense-oriented industries there. One of every 11 non-agricultural civilian jobs in Utah is at a defense installation.

Faced with Moss' indiscretion, the Army acknowledged nerve gas was "highly suspect" but raised a number of questions. Brigadier General William W. Stone of the Army Materiel Command in Washington, who was flown out to Utah to take charge of the investigation, told newsmen the sheep symptoms did not match those normally associated with nerve gas poisoning and that study crews had found "no traces whatsoever" of the nerve gas in the area except on the actual test site itself. "We do not have any evidence to tell us the actual chemical compound or to help us pinpoint the source and how it got to the sheep and not to humans or to other animals," he concluded. Dr. Mortimer A. Rothenberg, scientific director at Dugway, also publicly aired his doubts, noting that only sheep seemed to have been affected by the gas. Said the scientist, "All the other animals in the area remain healthy," as did the 50 or so residents of Skull Valley. "If it did occur it was phenomenal." It was left to an anonymous Army spokesman, however, to issue the flat denial. On March 24, a representative emphatically declared that the sheep deaths had nothing to do with the tests at Dugway.

It was not until mid-April, after much of the publicity over the sheep deaths had died down, that the Army finally reported that laboratory experiments indicated nerve gas had killed the sheep, although a statement issued in Washington emphasized that there was no conclusive evidence that gas had escaped the confines of Dugway. The statement was based on a study by the National Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, Georgia, a branch of the Public Health Service, which reported: "By means of gas chromatography, infrared spectroscopy and mass spectrometry, isolated compound [from snow and dead sheep] has been shown identical to test agent supplied . . . by Dugway." The Army's reaction was to propose the establishment of an "unbiased group" to review safety procedures at the base.

In May, the Army announced that tests were continuing and evidence "is still inconclusive." By this time, interest in the Dugway incident had waned: the out-of-town press had long ago gone home; the Army was paying claims for the sheep, and everyone's sense of fair play seemed satisfied.

After receiving a classified briefing by Dugway officials in late May, Senator Moss told the Salt Lake Tribune: "They assured me that my suggestion of a thorough review of all their safety procedures, which have been successful for 26 years except for the incident of the sheep in March, is under consideration and will no doubt be approved and carried out."

THE DUGWAY INCIDENT WAS THE U.S. Army's first major public mistake with a chemical weapon. All the elements for a nationwide scandal were present: target practice with a lethal nerve agent, an incredibly obvious series of military lies, a heavy concentration of newspaper and radio-television reporters, and a national presidential campaign. Yet the sheep deaths led neither to congressional outcries about the military's CBW program nor to a public debate about such weapons; nor did it even provoke any serious citizen reaction in Utah. Concern, from the highest level of state officialdom on down, was that too much investigating or talking about the incident might make the Army move its CBW base from Dugway. The nerve gas incident is perhaps more terrifying but really no different from other mistakes, or accidents, or decisions at military bases all over the nation. Lying becomes the order of the day and the attitude is "don't rock the boat." Pentagon funds buy not only goods and services, but also the cooperation and zeal of countless men on Capitol Hill, in federal agencies in Washington and in state capitals from Maine to Hawaii.

Dugway's reluctance to accept responsibility promptly for the sheep deaths, a reluctance that did nothing but further the controversy, was standard operating procedure for the military's chemical and biological warfare program. Because of the public's abhorrence of the notion of such weapons, public relations considerations are often allowed to take precedence over common sense. "While the sheep were dying," said one civilian involved in the investigation, "the Army sat over there just hoping these boys [the civilian scientists] would continue to go the poisonous plant route."

One man who refused to play along was Dr. D. Avaron Osguthorpe, a Salt Lake City veterinarian acknowledged as a foremost expert in sheep ailments. Osguthorpe was appointed by Utah Governor Calvin Rampton to represent the state in the investigation. The wealthy forty-seven-year-old sheep rancher was one of the first to examine the sheep, and he eventually

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Opposition to spending for chemical and biological warfare research has finally begun to attract some attention in Congress. Representative Richard D. McCarthy (Democrat, New York) recently convened a meeting of 22 congressmen and senators to hear a briefing on the nation's CBW program by General J. A. Hebbeler.

The legislators were told, albeit with some reluctance, that the United States is spending $350 million in 1969 on CBW. The statistic, published on the front page of the New York Times, shocked the nation and evoked immediate protest.

It was a lie. The military will spend more than $600 million this year on CBW, according to classified budget figures. The Defense Marketing Service (DMS), a private newsletter published for the aerospace industry, staffed largely by former officials and officers of the Defense Intelligence Agency, states that the military's main chemical base, the Edgewood Arsenal in Maryland, alone has a fiscal 1969 budget of $421.5 million, of which $57.3 million is earmarked for research, $266.4 million for procurement, $9.6 million for operating costs, and $1.9 million for stock funds. According to DMS, another $29.8 million will be spent at Fort Detrick, Maryland, the main biological test center, and more than $75 million in operating and production costs will be divided among the Army's other four chemical and biological warfare bases, including Dugway.

The Air Force has publicly announced that it will spend $71 million on just the herbicides and defoliants used in South Viet-Nam in 1969. No statistics are available on other CBW operating costs for the Air Force or for the Navy, although both are running vigorous testing programs.

A Senate source with access to classified CBW spending totals told me: "$650 million a year on CBW is a conservative figure."

—SEYMOUR HERSH

became the Army's greatest critic in the incident. The veterinarian had flown out to Skull Valley a week after the test. "I knew right away it was an organophosphorous [nerve gas] poisoning," Osguthorpe told me. "I injected the standard atropine dosage into some of the sheep with no results—got up to 15 times the recommended dosage before some of them responded. I autopsied several sheep. Not a mark on them at all. I was the only one who said this is organophosphorous poisoning. In my mind, there was just no doubt. The Army moved me in then—brought me right inside."

Although the veterinarian was given a quick security clearance, he soon became the one man the Army could not control. During the investigation, Osguthorpe said, the Army continued to deny responsibility. Under the wrap of secrecy, the military allowed Osguthorpe to see the color films of the test and made it clear they were at fault. But they demanded that the veterinarian go along with them publicly.

Osguthorpe is a devout Mormon, a rancher's son who was raised in Blackfoot, Idaho, and taught to speak his mind. He didn't like the lying. "That Saturday we could have shut the thing off right there," he said. "I'd have been glad to go back home. Instead they chose to deny it all the way."

He began playing devil's advocate. "The first time they showed us the color film," he said, "they showed only the actual spraying in the target areas, but nothing before and after. I asked for another showing and said I wanted to see all the film. I saw the gates fail to close. It was a mechanical failure. Since then they've let a $400,000 contract to develop a fail-safe gate."

Like most state officials I talked to in connection with the incident, Osguthorpe firmly believes that the nation must pursue its research and testing of chemicals and biologicals and that such work must be conducted at Dugway. "We've got a defense business bringing in $35 million a year into the state; sheep bring in about 1/35th that amount. Which is more important for Utah?" he asked.

Perhaps that explains why even Osguthorpe, despite his battle with the Army, at no time considered informing the public of the real dangers inherent in the chemical and biological research at Dugway. But he knew. As chief veterinarian for the four ranches in Skull Valley, he'd seen some strange things happen. "In the last three to five years I've bumped into some new livestock diseases that I couldn't treat with antibiotics," he told me. Among the biological agents being tested at Dugway, along with such diseases as tularemia and anthrax, are very lethal bacterial endotoxins, the products of dead infectious bacteria. These are not living organisms, however, and livestock—or people—accidentally infected with the toxin will not respond to antibiotics.

Sheriff Fay Gillette also knows about some of the dangers at Dugway: "What bugs me is that they [officials at Dugway] think we're dumb. People know they're working with this stuff that's like dynamite. They're doing a hell of a lot more than we know about." On at least 12 occasions during a four-year span, Gillette's men have been called by security men at Dugway and asked to monitor Highway 40, a precaution necessitated by wind shifts. "We used to have to go out and check, move everybody that was stopped or stalled. Dugway would pay for a wrecker if it was needed," the sheriff said. He did not report the action to his superiors.

"We in the county live here," the sheriff said. "We know that they've killed birds and rabbits. We're entitled to the consideration of knowing when they're going to test. Ah, Christ," he added disgustedly, "they figure you're dummies."

And in early April, Dr. Kelly H. Gubler, chief of staff at Tooele Valley Hospital some 35 miles from Dugway, told the Medical World News, ". . . I've treated Dugway workers in the past for an overdose of anticholinesterase [nerve gas] agents, even though the Army denied they were contaminated at the proving ground." Gubler added that "the important question is not what killed the sheep, but what are the real human hazards involved in chemical and bacteriological testing. I don't consider even Tooele immune from Dugway chemicals. We should bear in mind that with a slight amount of misdirected contamination, there could be a massive human disaster."

His remarks were picked up by the wire services and published in newspapers around the world. Gubler promptly denied making the statement, and Tooele, a prosperous town of 16,000 which is financially dependent on Dugway and other nearby military bases, accepted his denial. Two weeks later the Tooele County Chamber of Commerce voted to express publicly the city residents' confidence in the installation. The Chamber's reaction was typical; when I visited the town in late July, concern was directed not at what the base was doing, but at the possibility that renewed criticism might force the Army to move the base. "Everyone here has two cars, a camper, and a pickup truck," said Sheriff Gillette.

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"They don't want to lose that." "Some people here believe that pacifists would have a lot to gain—especially with articles like yours," Jan Swanson, the twenty-five-year-old associate editor of the weekly Tooele Transcript, told me. She explained that one theory being discussed in the city is that a pacifist or group of pacifists working at Dugway could have found out what gas was to be tested and then killed the sheep with it.

IF ANYTHING, THE MARCH INCIDENT at Dugway was the exception. A mechanical malfunction is much less likely to occur than a freakish wind shift or a poorly supervised test. One former Dugway researcher wrote me that when he worked at the base in the late 1950's, "There were certainly a number of cooked-up results submitted by our group. The tests were supposed to be done when weather conditions were proper, usually meaning that the wind was not to be too strong. Unfortunately, the wind and the ambition of test officers and section heads were not always the same.

"When these so-called tests came into our lab to be computed it was obvious the wind was too strong. . . . When this happened there was usually hell to pay. If we were honest about the results we would then have to interpret them over again. This meant processing these thousands of catch apparatus again.And if the results were the same we would usually be chewed out for our poor technique. Very often we 'dry-labbed' it [gave them the results they wanted] or else the section heads would.

"It took no idiot to figure out that the more tests there were the more people would be needed and this was exactly the way most of our superiors could improve their position. It was Parkinson's Law gone wild. For a while we worked two shifts to do more tests. V-agent [VX] was just beginning to be tested on a big scale so the people at Dugway were trying to test as much of this as possible in addition to matching the G-agent [GB] tests from previous years, even though there wasn't much more to be learned about G."

On the investigating team appointed by Governor Rampton shortly after the incident, key roles were played by two civilians, besides Osguthorpe—Dr. G. D. Carlyle Thompson, director of the State Board of Health, and Dr. Jordan Rasmussen, chief veterinarian for the State Agriculture Department. The committee, which met regularly over the next few months, filed no public reports on its work nor did it make any private formal recommendations to the governor. Theoretically, members of the investigating committee were to represent the citizens of Utah in the inquiry. In fact, they represented Dugway.

During an interview, Dr. Thompson told me repeatedly about his long and happy association with the CBW base. "As soon as I heard about it [the sheep slaughter], I called Dugway to find out. We've always had good cooperation. By now, I've got security clearance almost every place you turn around," he added. Thompson said that his is a limited role: "It's not up to me to determine whether these tests should be held. It's up to me to determine if the health of our citizens is protected."

Thompson, who has spent 30 years in the health administration field, acknowledged that he had seen the classified films of the malfunction. "They've got the most fantastic camera equipment there you've ever seen," he noted. The doctor emphasized that once he learned what really happened at Dugway, his role did not change. "We did checks. I soon had a clue that there was no evidence of human danger." Yet Osguthorpe told me that he ran tests on some of the Skull Valley residents a week after the sheep began dying and found that their cholinesterase levels had dropped sharply, although no residents suffered any nerve gas poisoning symptoms.

Was there danger to Salt Lake City residents? "It would be possible for me to say that this could have hit Salt Lake City," Thompson replied, "but why should I say something that will scare the pants off a half-million people without doing any good? Every experience teaches us something so we try to improve. The sheep incident even caused a complete review of safety procedures at Dugway. I've heard it said that $300,000-$400,000 [the estimated reimbursement price of the sheep] was a relatively cheap price to pay for what we've learned.

"You have a terrific responsibility," the state health director told me, "not to write anything that isn't going to do any good, something that will just upset people by telling them things they shouldn't know."

The doctor practices what he preaches. When Dugway is anxious to survey the few score residents of Skull Valley after a series of biological tests, the state health director is called upon. "We in the Health Department are always doing surveys and checkups," said Thompson. "Whenever we do one near Dugway, we take advantage of it to check for the [biological] agents being tested at Dugway. The people in the Valley don't really know what we're doing. We draw blood for one thing, then check it for another."

The other key member of the investigating team, Dr. Jordan Rasmussen, also emphasized his close association with Dugway. "I've been as close to them as anybody else," he told me. "We cooperate very extensively. I feel they were a victim of circumstances. The incident's been exaggerated in many ways."

THE PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE ALSO FOUND itself in the role of protecting the military in the aftermath of the sheep slaughter. That agency had often worked with Dugway, monitoring the area outside the base for evidence of biologicals or other clues that the testing had spilled over. Suddenly asked to help investigate the death of the sheep, the agency found itself analyzing data to demonstrate what it already knew—nerve gas was responsible. Nevertheless, on March 22, B. J. Osheroff, deputy director of the Public Health Service Office of Program Planning, said in Washington that unconfirmed findings of red urine and red tears in the sheep would point to an outlawed pesticide. The use of red dye to aid in monitoring tests is standard at Dugway; presumably such use would be known to the officials, in light of the agency's earlier role in monitoring tests.

The federal zeal to help Dugway cover its tracks in the sheep incident was matched in full by that of state officials. Joseph Francis, Utah commissioner of Agriculture, told me he thought Dugway had done "an exceptionally good job," generally, in its testing programs. "These things are hard to administer without having some mistakes," Francis added. David R. Waldron, another Agriculture Commission member, refused to talk because of the heavy security he said surrounded the incident, although he did praise the military's "cooperation."

By December the situation had quieted to the point where Brigadier General John G. Appel, by then the new commander of the Deseret Test Center, was able to make an announce-

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ment which an Associated Press dispatch reported this way: "Saying military nerve gas was not the cause of a massive sheep kill last spring, an Army commander announced a plan Friday to keep it from happening again." Appel, after duly noting that "insecticides have permeated the world," announced "Project Safe," a program to produce tight control over the testing of chemical and biological agents at Dugway. What Appel did not say is that the Army had called for just such a program ten months before the sheep incident. The "Chemical and Biological Weapons Surety Program," initiated by order on May 3, 1967, according to Pentagon records, called for a general tightening of the safety conditions at CBW test facilities.

A few weeks after Appel's reassuring speech, the Pentagon announced the results of its safety review. The review added nothing to the question of what was responsible for the sheep kill, and in effect did nothing more than put on the record some of the existing practices at Dugway. It suggested that permanent monitoring sites be established in Skull and Rush Valleys and that the state give a complete checkup to area residents at least every six months. It also called for a major public relations program to reassure the residents about the function of the test center and suggested that "certain Utah state officials . . . require general knowledge of the activities of the Test Center." This was necessary, the study explained, because "experience has shown in other situations that assurances given by the testing group [i.e. Dugway] reinforced by assurances of knowledgeable state officials and community leaders are much more readily acceptable by the public at large."

In its recommendations, the report merely called for tighter weather restrictions by Dugway when testing large quantities of nerve agents, although smaller quantities, it said, could be tested under existing safety practices. The restrictions will not hamper testing at the base. For example, the report outlawed air drops from altitudes of more than 300 feet; most tests are conducted at altitudes far below that.

THE DUGWAY INCIDENT HAD LITTLE OUTWARD impact on the 500,000 residents of greater Salt Lake City. Only a few letters about the sheep deaths were published in the two Salt Lake City newspapers, reflecting perhaps the relative lack of interest displayed by the newspapers themselves. The Dugway story consistently showed up in the second section of the city's major newspaper, the Salt Lake Tribune, even at a time when it was front-page news elsewhere.

One resident who did something about the apathy was Earl Jones, an artist and professor at the University of Utah who helped design a billboard depicting a dead sheep. The billboard, displayed in the center of Salt Lake City, had this message: "An unfortunate error . . . they were saving it for PEOPLE."

"It stayed up four weeks with no public attention or press attention," related Jones. "I wanted to see if other people in the area were as up-tight about it as I was—but we got no response."

The military secrecy, the heavy state dependence on military expenditures, and the seeming apathy of the Salt Lake City residents provide the kind of atmosphere in which operations such as chemical and biological warfare can prosper with no questions asked. But there is some evidence that the various agencies work hard to ensure that the atmosphere is not marred.

In late June, Osguthorpe told a scientific forum in Logan that traces of nerve gas still lingered in Skull Valley. The Associated Press quoted him as saying that the nerve agents "are stable and lingering in the vegetation and soil. Reports that the Skull Valley area is clear of dangerous compounds are false. Animals taken into the area suffer toxic effects." Although the veterinarian did not say so, four sheep were placed in the valley in late May by Dugway researchers. They were dead within five days.

Osguthorpe's revelations made less news in Salt Lake City than did an announcement from Washington that the Army Claims Service had approved a $376,685 claim for the loss of sheep on the Hatch Ranch, largest ranch in Skull Valley and the one which suffered more than 90 per cent of the loss. "This initial claim is only to cover the loss for dead and disabled sheep," Republican Senator Bennett told newsmen. "There will be a second claim filed after the extent of secondary damages has been determined."

The secondary claims could total as much as $1 million for damage to reputation and potential future business. The Army will probably pay willingly; its ambition is to force the sheepherders off the federally owned land in Skull Valley and expand the outer perimeters of Dugway. Discussions between the Pentagon, the ranchers, and federal officials representing the Bureau of Land Management, which owns the ranch lands, were initiated immediately after the incident. Dugway, which now controls more than 850,000 acres of land in the area, could add as much as 400,000 acres more, moving the base's eastern border 25 miles or so closer to Salt Lake City. In light of this, the Army would define prompt payment of claims as good public relations.

"The Army's always made it clear that they were going to pay—it was just a question of the amount, not the liability," explained Alonzo W. Watson Jr., attorney for the Hatch Ranch. "We've had excellent cooperation from the Army."

I asked Watson why, then, didn't he seek the truth about the Dugway incident? "What's the point?" the young lawyer replied. "It's up to Congress and the Army to tell what they want to do. Our thought is that as long as you pay us, that's all that matters. Maybe it's a little selfish," he added with a shrug, "but . . .?"

The Dugway incident is a microcosm of what's wrong with America, of what's really meant by the phrase "military-industrial complex." In Utah, a tiny group of state officials exchanged participation in classified briefings for public responsibility. Few, if any, were operating solely for personal financial gain; the good of the state was justification enough. "Good," to these men, is measured simply in terms of military contract dollars, those contracts that congressmen fight among each other to announce. The others involved in the Dugway issue limited their responsibilities to the narrow question of clients' rights, or the proper role of their federal agency, or whether the incident was worthy of front-page play and an editorial. None of the participants saw fit to warn the citizens of Salt Lake City publicly of the danger inherent in a major CBW test facility 80 miles upwind. The Dugway incident prompted, in effect, a breakdown of the basic institutions of democracy. What happened at Dugway is happening, in a sense, in South Viet-Nam, at antiballistic missile defense sites, and perhaps even in the White House.

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[AFTERWORD]

A SECOND DISASTER AT DUGWAY is inevitable; in fact, it may already have happened. This time the agent in question is not nerve gas, but something even more alarming: Venezuelan Equine Encephalitis (VEE), a virus disease that can cause crippling damage to the human central nervous system.

VEE has long been known to be one of the military's top potential biological agents. Not necessarily fatal, it is highly infectious and relatively obscure. It is usually found in swampy areas of South and Central America, with some cases reported in Florida and Louisiana. Yet in March 1967, evidence of VEE in the State of Utah was reported by three University of Utah researchers, who published their findings in Bacteriological Reviews, a prominent science journal published by the American Society for Microbiology. While the specific VEE-causing organism was not isolated, tests indicated that local animals had built up specific immunity (or antibodies) to the disease.

At no point did the report discuss the critical question of whether Dugway tests had been responsible for the suspected outbreak of the disease in Utah, more than 1500 miles away from any other known case—an omission made less surprising by the fact that all of the authors were employed by the University's Ecology and Epizoology Research Center, which is financed by a $500,000-a-year contract from Dugway.

Troubled by the report—which attracted no public attention—Dr. Joseph Jackson, a professor at the Public Health School of the University of Michigan, contacted me and told me that in 1963, he had been approached and offered a job by Dr. Victor J. Cabelli, then head of virus research at Dugway. Cabelli, said Jackson, "explained that they were carrying out an extensive research project to develop methods for starting epidemics with VEE virus." Jackson added that although, according to Cabelli's account, "they were only using animals at that time, he did say 'epidemic' and not 'epizootic' [the spreading of disease in *animals*]."

Jackson wrote to Dr. Robert W. Sidwell, one of the authors of the report: "I cannot help but think that the introduction of VEE into that area must have been the result of human intervention. My recollection of Utah is that of a comparatively dry area, quite different from the 'lowlands of tropical rain forests' to which you indicated the virus has previously been limited. . . . I am sure that you must have been aware of the work being done at Dugway, and I wonder why you did not regard this as a possible means by which VEE became enzootic in the Utah area."

Sidwell replied: "I am aware of the work done at Dugway; in fact, the Epizoology Research Laboratory on the University of Utah campus in which I worked was established to determine if the biological work done at Dugway had any effect on the wild or domestic animal population in the area. We were never informed, however, of the extent or time of testing carried out at Dugway, except that I was led to believe that the survey work we were carrying out for VEE was done as a *preliminary* to testing."

The University of Utah's connection with Dugway is a key one, especially in that it is responsible for monitoring the outside perimeters of the test areas. University researchers argue that they are merely doing pure research. Like the state and federal officials connected with the sheep kill, the men from academia lean over backwards to protect the military.

In fact, the tie between Dugway and the university is even closer than most students and faculty realize. You can dial some faculty telephone numbers listed in the campus directory and the phone is picked up in a Dugway laboratory 80 miles away. There is also clear evidence that university scientists have aided the Army in field test programs for biologicals. On October 18, 1966, for example, Dr. Peter Olsen, head of the university's ecology section located at Dugway, put in overtime requests for four of his staff necessitated by "on-site investigations of disease outbreaks in distant areas, and by a special study of induced rodent movement."

The close ties between university scientists and Dugway make it impossible to determine how much—if any—VEE exists in the desert. Dr. S. L. Spruance, chief of communicable diseases for the Utah State Board of Health, said he didn't "know anything about it. I'd like to know more about VEE—if it is there. We're dependent upon the people who deal with the animals to keep us informed," he added.

Spruance said he was told nothing of the 1967 report, nor did he know that sometime in late 1964 or early 1965, Dugway scientists thought they found hints of VEE antibodies in cows. Samples of cows' blood with the antibodies had been sent to the Communicable Disease Center in Atlanta, Georgia, according to Dr. Gerry Nolan of the University of Utah. "The cattle were bled and checked for antibodies," Nolan said, adding that scientists there determined that while it was impossible to categorically state VEE virus was present, the burden was on the people at Dugway to prove that it was not present. "But they [the blood samples] were lost in the shuffle," Nolan said. The man who handled the samples for the Public Health Service, Dr. Talford Work, initially told me that only a few samples were lost; later he denied any knowledge of their existence.

Another author of the 1967 VEE paper, Dr. Louis P. Gebhardt, chairman of the microbiology department at the university and a member of the academic committee overseeing the university's involvement at Dugway (who noted, "The work there is very poor, very poorly supervised. . . . We used to send our PhD students out there . . . but we had to stop because of poor supervision"), told me: "It scared us when we found VEE antibodies. We didn't know what to do." But, he reiterated, "research has not gone on far enough to prove it was an absolute form of VEE virus." I told Gebhardt about Dr. Jackson's contact with Cabelli and of his concern that an outbreak among the animal or human population of Utah might be imminent. Gebhardt, who has been associated with Dugway since the university began its involvement there in 1951, replied: "Cabelli may have played with it [VEE]. He was not a virologist and didn't know what he was doing half the time. He was a very poor scientist—a blowhard. He tried to get a job here but he was a lousy teacher and we wouldn't hire him."

Cabelli, not a good enough scientist to teach virology at the University of Utah, was apparently competent enough to conduct biological warfare tests 80 miles away.

Seymour Hersh is the author of Chemical and Biological Warfare: America's Hidden Arsenal (*Bobbs-Merrill, 1968*). *He is now working on a book on the Pentagon* (*which he formerly covered for the AP*) *to be published by Random House.*

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Rock for Sale

Businessmen they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None of them along the line
Know what any of it is worth
—BOB DYLAN, "All Along the Watchtower"
(©1968 Dwarf Music)

IN 1956, WHEN ROCK AND ROLL was just about a year old, Frankie Lymon, lead singer of Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers, wrote and recorded a song called "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?" It was an immediate million-selling hit and has since become a rock classic, a true golden oldie of the sweet-voiced harmonizing genre. The group followed it up with other hits, starred in a movie, appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show, toured the country with Bill Haley and the Comets, and did a tour of Europe. Frankie, a black kid from Harlem, was then thirteen years old. Last year, at twenty-six, he died of an overdose of heroin.

Despite the massive publicity accorded to rock in the past several years, Frankie's death received little attention. It got a bit more publicity than the death in a federal prison of Little Willie John, the author of "Fever," another classic, but nothing compared to that lavished on the breakup of the Cream or on Janis Joplin's split with Big Brother and the Holding Company. Nor did many connect it with the complete musical stagnation of the Doors, a group which in 1967 seemed brilliantly promising, or to the dissolution of dozens of other groups who a year or two ago were not only making beautiful music but seemed to be the vanguard of a promising "youth cultural revolution."

In fact these events are all connected, and their common denominator is hard cash. Since that wildly exciting spring of 1967, the spring of *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, of be-ins and love-ins and flower-power, of the discovery of psychedelia, hippies and "doing your thing"—to all of which "New Rock," as it then began to be called, was inextricably bound—one basic fact has been consistently ignored: rock is a product created, distributed and controlled for the profit of American (and international) business. "The record companies sell rock and roll records like they sell refrigerators," says Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Airplane. "They don't care about the people who make rock or what they're all about as human beings any more than they care about the people who make refrigerators."

Recently, the promoters of a sleazy Southern California enterprise known as "Teen Fair" changed its name to "Teen Expo." The purpose of the operation remains the same: to sell trash to adolescents while impressing them with the joys of consumerism. But nine years into the '60s, the backers decided that their '50s image of nice-kid teenagerism had to go. In its place, they have installed "New Rock" (with its constant companion, schlock psychedelia) as the working image of the "all new!" Teen Expo.

By the time the word gets down to the avaricious cretins who run teen fairs, everybody has the message: rock and roll sells. It doesn't make money just for the entertainment industry—the record companies, radio stations, TV networks, stereo and musical instrument manufacturers, etc.—but for law firms, clothing manufacturers, the mass media, soft drink companies and car dealers (the new Opel will "light your fire!"). Rock is the surest way to the hearts and wallets of millions of Americans between eight and thirty-five—the richest, most extravagant children in the history of the world.

From the start, rock has been commercial in its very essence. An American creation on the level of the hamburger or the billboard, it was never an art form that just happened to make money, nor a commercial undertaking that sometimes became art. Its art was synonymous with its business. The movies are perhaps closest to rock in their aesthetic involvement with the demands of profitability, but even they once had an arty tradition which scorned the pleasing of the masses.

Yet paradoxically it was the unabashed commerciality of rock which gave rise to the hope that it would be a "revolutionary" cultural form of expression. For one thing, the companies that produce it and reap its profits have never understood it. Ford executives drive their company's cars but Sir Joseph Lockwood, chairman of EMI, the record company which, until Apple, released the Beatles' records, has always admitted that he doesn't like their music. The small companies like Sun and Chess Records which first discovered the early stars like Elvis Presley and Chuck Berry were run by middle-class whites who knew that kids and blacks liked this weird music, but they didn't know or really care why. As long as the music didn't offend the businessmen's sensibilities too much—they never allowed outright obscenity—and as long as it sold, they didn't care what it said. So within the commercial framework, rock has always had a certain freedom.

Moreover, rock's slavish devotion to commerciality gave

by Michael Lydon

Overleaf: Illustration by Gene Holtan

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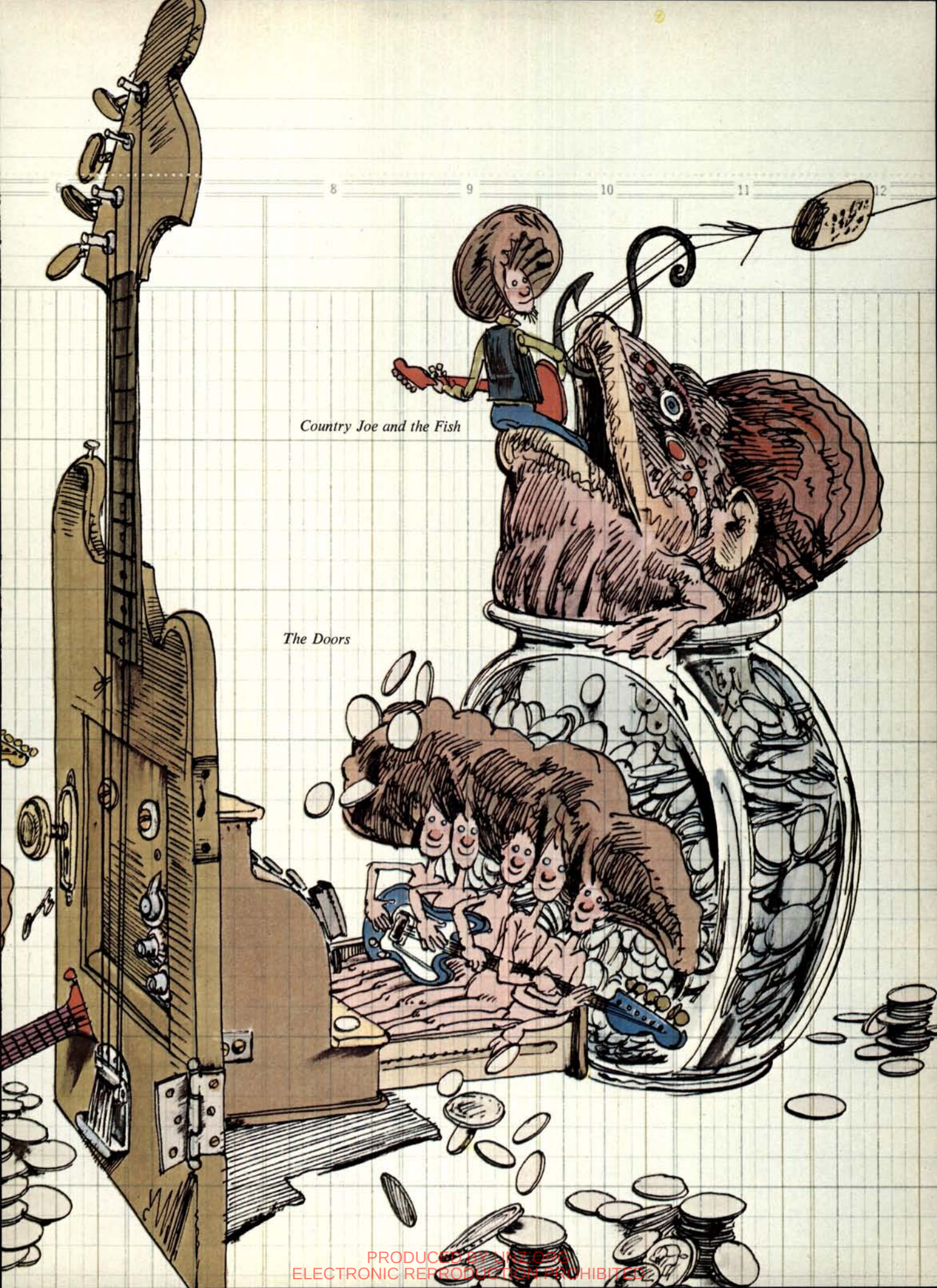

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it powerful aesthetic advantages. People had to like it for it to sell, so rock had to get to the things that the audience really cared about. Not only did it create a ritualized world of dances, slang, "the charts," fan magazines and "your favorite DJ coming your way" on the car radio, but it defined, reflected and glorified the listener's ordinary world. Rock fans can date their entire lives by rock; hearing a "golden oldie" can instantaneously evoke the whole flavor and detail of a summer or a romance.

When in 1963-64, the Pop Art movement said there was beauty in what had been thought to be the crass excreta of the Eisenhower Age, when the Beatles proved that shameless reveling in money could be a stone groove, and when the wistful puritanism of the protest-folk music movement came to a dead end, rock and roll, with all its unabashed carnality and worldliness, seemed a beautiful trip. Rock, the background music of growing up, was discovered as the common language of a generation. New Rock musicians could not only make the music, they could even make an aesthetic and social point by the very choice of rock as their medium.

That rock was commercial seemed only a benefit. It ensured wide distribution, the hope of a good and possibly grandiose living style, and the honesty of admitting that, yes, we are the children of affluence: don't deny it, man, dig it. As music, rock had an undeniably liberating effect; driving and sensual, it implicitly and explicitly presented an alternative to bourgeois insipidity. The freedom granted to rock by society seemed sufficient to allow its adherents to express their energies without inhibition. Rock pleasure had no pain attached; the outrageousness of Elvis' gold lamé suits and John Lennon's wildly painted Rolls Royce was a gas, a big joke on adult society. Rock was a way to beat the system, to gull grown-ups into paying you while you made faces behind their backs.

Sad but true, however, the grown-ups are having the last laugh. Rock and roll is a lovely playground, and within it kids have more power than they have anywhere else in society, but the playground's walls are carefully maintained and guarded by the corporate elite that set it up in the first place. While the White Panthers talk of "total assault upon the culture by any means necessary, including rock and roll, dope and fucking in the streets," Billboard, the music trade paper, announces with pride that in 1968 the record industry became a billion-dollar business.

Then it's time to go downtown
Where the agent man won't let you down
Sell your soul to the company
Who are waiting there
To sell plasticware
And in a week or two
If you make the charts
The girls will tear you apart.

—ROGER MCGUINN AND CHRIS HILLMAN,
"So You Want to be a Rock 'n' Roll Star"
(©Tickson Music Co.)

BOB DYLAN HAS DESCRIBED with a fiendish accuracy the pain of growing up in America, and millions have responded passionately to his vision. His song, "Maggie's Farm," contains the lines, "He gives me a nickel, he gives me a dime, he asks me with a grin if I'm having a good time, and he fines me every time I slam the door, oh, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more." But along with Walter Cronkite and the New York Yankees, Dylan works for one of Maggie's biggest farms, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Mick Jagger, another adept and vitriolic social critic, used rock to sneer at "the under assistant west coast promotion man" in his seersucker suit; but London Records used this "necessary talent for every rock and roll band" to sell that particular Rolling Stones record and all their other products. For all its liberating potential, rock is doomed to a bitter impotence by its ultimate subservience to those whom it attacks.

In fact, rock, rather than being an example of how freedom can be achieved within the capitalist structure, is an example of how capitalism can, almost without a conscious effort, deceive those whom it oppresses. Rather than being liberated heroes, rock and roll stars are captives on a leash, and their plight is but a metaphor for that of all young people and black people in America. All the talk of "rock revolution," talk that is assiduously cultivated by the rock industry, is an attempt to disguise that plight.

Despite the aura of wealth that has always surrounded the rock and roll star, and which for fans justified the high prices of records and concerts, very few stars really make much money—and for all but the stars and their backup musicians, rock is just another low-paying, insecure and very hard job. Legend says that wild spending sprees, drugs and women account for the missing loot; what legend does not say is that most artists are paid very little for their work. The artist may receive a record royalty of two and one-half per cent, but the company often levies charges for studio time, promotion and advertising. It is not uncommon for the maker of a hit record to end up in debt to the company.

Not surprisingly, it is the black artists who suffer most. In his brilliant book, *Urban Blues*, Charles Keil describes in detail how the blues artist is at the mercy of the recording company. It is virtually impossible, he states, for an unknown artist to get an honest contract, but even an "honest" contract is only an inexpensive way for a company to own an artist body and soul.

A star's wealth may be not only nonexistent, but actually a fraud, carefully perpetuated by the record company. Blues singer Bobby Bland's "clothes, limousine, valet, and plentiful pocket money," says Keil, "are image bolsterers from Duke Records (or perhaps a continual 'advance on royalties' that keeps him tied to the company) rather than real earnings." And even cash exploitation is not enough; Chess Records last year forced Muddy Waters to play his classic blues with a "psychedelic" band and called the humiliating record *Electric Mud*.

Until recently, only a very few stars made any real money from rock; their secret was managers shrewd to the point of unscrupulousness, who kept them under tight control. Colonel Parker molded the sexual country boy Elvis into a smooth ballad singer; Brian Epstein took four scruffy Liverpool rockers and transformed them into neatly tousled boys-next-door. "We were worried that friends might think we had sold out," John Lennon said recently, "which in a way we had."

The musicians of New Rock—most of them white, educated and middle-class—are spared much of what their black and lower-class counterparts have suffered. One of the much touted "revolutions" New Rock has brought, in fact, has

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been a drastic increase of the power of the artist vis-à-vis the record company. Contracts for New Rock bands regularly include almost complete artistic control, royalties as high as ten per cent, huge cash advances, free studio time, guaranteed amounts of company-bought promotion, and in some instances control over advertising design and placement in the media.

But such bargaining is at best a futile reformism which never challenges the essential power relationship that has contaminated rock since its inception. Sales expansion still gives the companies ample profits, and they maintain all the control they really need (even the "revolutionary" group, the MC5, agreed to remove the word "motherfucker" from an album and to record "brothers and sisters" in its place). New Rock musicians lost the battle for real freedom at the very moment they signed their contracts (whatever the clauses) and entered the big-time commercial sphere.

The Doors are a prime example. Like hundreds of New Rock musicians, the four Doors are intelligent people who in the early- and mid-'60s dropped out into the emerging drug and hip underground. In endless rehearsals and on stage in Sunset Strip rock clubs, they developed a distinctively eerie and stringent sound. The band laid down a dynamo drive behind dramatically handsome lead singer Jim Morrison, who, dressed in black leather and writhing with anguish, screamed demonic invitations to sensual madness. "Break on through," was the message, "yeah, break on, break on through to the other side!"

It was great rock and roll, and by June 1967, when their "Light My Fire" was a number-one hit, it had become very successful rock. More hits followed and the Doors became the first New Rock group to garner a huge following among the young teens and pre-teens who were traditionally the mass rock audience. Jim Morrison became rock's number-one sex idol and the teenie-boppers' delight. The group played bigger and bigger halls—the Hollywood Bowl, the garish Forum in Los Angeles and finally Madison Square Garden last winter in a concert that netted the group $52,000 for one night's work.

But the hit "Light My Fire" was a chopped-up version of the original album track, and after that castration of their art for immediate mass appeal (a castration encouraged by their "hip" company, Elektra Records), the Doors died musically. Later albums were pale imitations of the first; trying desperately to recapture the impact of their early days, they played louder and Morrison lost all subtlety: at a recent Miami concert he had to display his penis to make his point.

Exhausted by touring and recording demands, the Doors now seldom play or even spend much casual time together. Their latest single hit the depths; Cashbox magazine, in its profit-trained wisdom said, "The team's impact is newly channeled for even more than average young teen impact." "Maybe pretty soon we'll split, just go away to an island somewhere," Morrison said recently, fatigue and frustration in his voice, "get away by ourselves and start creating again."

But the Doors have made money, enough to be up-tight about it. "When I told them about this interview," said their manager, Bill Siddons, sitting in the office of the full-time accountant who manages the group's investments (mostly land and oil), "they said, 'Don't tell him how much we make.' " But Siddons, a personable young man, did his best to defend them. The Doors, he said, could make a lot more money if they toured more often and took less care in preparing each hall they play in for the best possible lighting and sound; none of the Doors lives lavishly, and the group has plans for a foundation to give money to artists and students ("It'll help our tax picture, too"). But, he said, "You get started in rock and you get locked into the cycle of success. It's funny, the group out there on stage preaching a revolutionary message, but to get the message to people, you gotta do it the establishment way. And you know everybody acquires a taste for comfortable living."

The price you paid
For your riches and fame
Was it a strange game
You're a little insane
All the money that came
And the public acclaim—
Don't forget who you are
You're a rock 'n' roll star

—"So You Want to be a Rock 'n' Roll Star"

VARIATIONS ON THE DOORS' STORY are everywhere. The Cream started out in 1966 as a brilliant and influential blues-rock trio and ended, after two solid years of touring, with lead guitarist Eric Clapton on the edge of a nervous breakdown. After months of bitter fighting, Big Brother and the Holding Company split up, as did Country Joe and the Fish (who have since reorganized, with several replacements from Big Brother). The Steve Miller Band and the Quicksilver Messenger Service were given a total of $100,000 by Capitol Records; within a year neither one existed in its original form and the money had somehow disappeared.

Groups that manage to stay together are caught in endless conflicts about how to make enough money to support their art and have it heard without getting entangled in the "success cycle." The Grateful Dead, who were house and bus minstrels for Ken Kesey's acid-magical crew and who have always been deeply involved in trying to create a real hip community, have been so uncommercial as to frustrate their attempts to spread the word of their joyful vision.

"The trouble is that the Grateful Dead is a more 'heard of' band than a 'heard' band," says manager Rock Scully, "and we want people to hear us. But we won't do what the system says—make single hits, take big gigs, do the success number. The summer of '67, when all the other groups were making it, we were playing free in the park, man, trying to cool the Haight-Ashbury. So we've never had enough bread to get beyond week-to-week survival, and now we're about $50,000 in debt. We won't play bad music for the bread because we decided a long time ago that money wasn't a high enough value to sacrifice anything for. But that means that not nearly enough people have heard our music."

The Jefferson Airplane have managed to take a middle route. A few early hits, a year of heavy touring (150 dates in 1967), a series of commercials for White Levis, and the hard-nosed management of entrepreneur Bill Graham gave them a solid money-making popular base. A year ago they left Graham's management, stopped touring almost entirely, bought a huge mansion in San Francisco and devoted their time to making records (all of them excellent), giving parties,

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and buying expensive toys like cars and color TV's. They've gone through enormous amounts of money and are now $30,000 in debt. But they're perfectly willing to go out and play a few jobs if the creditors start to press them. They resolve the commercial question by attempting not to care about it. "What I care about," says Paul Kantner, "is what I'm doing at the time—rolling a joint, balling a chick, writing a song. Start worrying about the ultimate effect of all your actions, and in the end you just have to say fuck it. Everybody in the world is getting fucked one way or another. All you can do is see that you aren't fucking them directly."

But the Airplane also profess political radicalism, and, says Kantner, "The revolution is already happening, man. All those kids dropping out, turning on—they add up." Singer Grace Slick appeared in blackface on the Smothers Brothers show and gave the Black Panther salute; in a front window of their mansion is a sign that reads, "Eldridge Cleaver Welcome Here." But Kantner said he hadn't really thought about what that meant: would he really take Cleaver in and protect him against police attack, a very likely necessity should Cleaver accept the welcome? "I don't know, man. I'd have to wait until that happened."

Cleaver would be well-advised not to choose the Airplane's mansion for his refuge. For Kantner's mushy politics—sort of a turned-on liberalism that thinks the Panthers are "groovy" but doesn't like to come to terms with the nasty American reality—are the politics of the much touted "rock revolution." They add up to a hazy belief in the power of art to change the world, presuming that the place for the revolution to begin and end is inside individual heads. The Beatles said it nicely in "Revolution": "You say that it's the institution, we-ll, you know, you better free your mind instead."

Jac Holzman, president of Elektra Records, said it in businessman's prose: "I want to make it clear," he said, "that Elektra is not the tool of anyone's revolution. We feel that the 'revolution' will be won by poetics and not by politics—that poetics will change the structure of the world. It's reached the kids and is getting to them at the best possible level."

There is no secret boardroom conspiracy to divert antisocial youthful energy into rock and thus render it harmless while making a profit for the society it is rebelling against, but the corporate system has acted in that direction with a uniformity which a conspiracy probably could not have provided. And the aware capitalists are worried about their ability to control where kids are going: "There is something a bit spooky, from a business point of view," a Fortune issue on youth said recently, ". . . in youth's widespread rejection of middle-class life-styles ('Cheap is in'). . . . If it . . . becomes a dominant orientation, will these children of affluence grow up to be consumers on quite the economy moving scale as their parents?"

So the kids are talking revolution and smoking dope? Well, so are the companies, in massive advertising campaigns that co-opt the language of revolution so thoroughly that you'd think they were on the streets themselves. "The Man can't bust *our* music," read one Columbia ad; another urged (with a picture of a diverse group of kids apparently turning on): "Know who your friends are. And look and see and touch and be together. Then listen. *We* do." (Italics mine.)

More insidious than the ads themselves is the fact that ad money from the record companies is one of the main supports of the underground press. And the companies don't mind supporting these "revolutionary" sheets; the failure of Hearst's Eye magazine after a year showed that the establishment itself could not create new media to reach the kids, so squeamish is it about advocating revolution, drugs and sexual liberation. But it is glad to support the media the kids create themselves, and thereby, just as it did with rock, ultimately defang it.

The ramifications of control finally came full circle when Rolling Stone, the leading national rock newspaper, which began 18 months ago on a shoestring, had enough money in the bank to afford a $7000 ad on the back page of the New York Times. Not only was this "hip rock" publication self-consciously taking its place among the communication giants ("NBC was the day before us and Look the day after," said the twenty-two-year-old editor), but the ad's copy made clear the paper's exploitive aim: "If you are a corporate executive trying to understand what is happening to youth today, you cannot afford to be without *Rolling Stone*. If you are a student, a professor, a parent, this is your life because you already know that rock and roll is more than just music; it is the energy center of the new culture and youth revolution." Such a neat reversal of the corporate-to-kids lie into a kids-to-corporate lie is only possible when the kids so believe the lie they have been fed that they want to pass it on.

BUT ROCK AND ROLL MUSICIANS are in the end artists and entertainers, and were it not for all the talk of the "rock revolution," one would not be led to expect a clear political vision from them. The bitterest irony is that the "rock revolution" hype has come close to fatally limiting the revolutionary potential that rock does contain. So effective has the rock industry been in encouraging the spirit of optimistic youth take-over that rock's truly hard political edge, its constant exploration of the varieties of youthful frustration, has been ignored and softened. Rock musicians, like their followers, have always been torn between the obvious pleasures that America held out and the price paid for them. Rock and roll is not revolutionary music because it has never gotten beyond articulation of this paradox. At best it has offered the defiance of withdrawal; its violence never amounted to more than a cry of, "Don't bother me."

"Leave me alone; anyway, I'm almost grown"; "Don't step on my blue suede shoes"; "There ain't no cure for the summertime blues"; "I can't get no satisfaction": the rock refrains that express despair could be strung out forever. But at least rock has offered an honest appraisal of where its makers and listeners are at, and that radical, if bitterly defeatist, honesty is a touchstone, a starting point. If the companies, as representatives of the corporate structure, can convince the rock world that their revolution is won or almost won, that the walls of the playground are crumbling, not only will the constituents of rock seal their fate by that fatal self-deception, but their music, one of the few things they actually do have going for them, will have been successfully corrupted and truly emasculated.

Michael Lydon is a free-lance writer. He is a frequent contributor to the New York Times on the subject of rock music.

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[II. AMSAC'S AFROS]

IT WAS THE SPRING OF 1963, and at first glance it looked like a revolutionary round table in Havana. The list of participants in the conference read like a Who's Who of the Southern African independence movement: Oliver Tambo, acting president of the African National Congress of South Africa; Eduardo Mondlane (recently assassinated), leader of the Mozambique Liberation Front; Jariretundu Kozonguisi, president of the Southwest African National Union; leaders from virtually every other political faction of these countries as well as Zimbabwe, Angola, and Zambia. They were all wanted men at home, engaged in directing armed struggles against hated colonial regimes. But the meeting hadn't been convened by Fidel Castro. In fact, it took place at Howard University in Washington, D.C.

The architects of a Southern Africa liberation movement had agreed to come to Washington because the convening organization was a black group meeting at the nation's leading black university. The American Society for African Culture (AMSAC), composed of important black American scholars, writers, artists and professionals, was the most prestigious and articulate of all black groups interested in advancing African culture and building bonds between U.S. blacks and their African brothers. This conference was AMSAC's fourth international meeting in as many years. It looked like the beginnings of a black revolutionary's dream-come-true, the linking up of African and Afro-American freedom struggles. But what most participants didn't know was that the whole affair had been sponsored by the CIA.

The Howard University meeting provided an ideal opportunity for the CIA to look over the top African revolutionaries while providing an illusion of U.S. concern for their cause. AMSAC itself had begun as a way of keeping an eye on the resurgent African independence movement. It was organized in the aftermath of the first International Conference of Negro Writers and Artists, held in Paris in late 1955. This conference had been convened by a group of African exiles and European intellectuals organized into the Société Africaine de Culture (SAC), which published the journal *Présence Africaine*, featuring men like Camus, Sartre, Léopold Sédar Senghor and Aimé Césaire. But giving impetus to an organization like AMSAC was by no means on SAC's agenda.

SAC had asked the late Richard Wright, the black American writer self-exiled in Paris, to invite some American Negroes to the international gathering. Wright did so, although many whom he invited were unable to afford the trip. Those who did show up were among the most influential of America's black bourgeoisie, and many later became influential in AMSAC. Headed by Dr. Horace Mann Bond, a leading black educator and father of Georgia legislator Julian Bond, the American delegation included Mercer Cook, who later received the ambassadorship to Niger during the Johnson Administration; John A. Davis, later to become head of AMSAC; James Ivy, editor of the NAACP magazine, Crisis, and eventually AMSAC treasurer; Thurgood Marshall, and Duke Ellington. These were AMSAC's founding fathers.

At the outset of its career, AMSAC shared its New York offices with the Council on Race and Caste in World Affairs, a largely paper organization founded some years earlier by the CIA, specializing in information about and analysis of racial problems affecting international relations. The council merged formally with AMSAC in 1957, and acted as the major financial conduit to the new group, which was not officially incorporated until February 1960. The CIA conduits reporting contributions to AMSAC over the years included the Pappas Charitable Trust ($65,000), and these foundations: Marshall ($25,000); Benjamin Rosenthal ($26,000); J. Frederick Brown ($103,000); Colt ($47,000); C. H. Dodge ($28,000); Rabb ($40,000), and Ronthelym ($20,000). AMSAC's statement of purpose declared an intention "to study the effects of African culture on American life; to examine the cultural contributions of African peoples to their societies; to appraise the conditions affecting the development of ethnic national and universal culture; to cooperate with international organizations with a view to . . . exchange of information on African culture. . . ."

"I joined AMSAC because I thought it would be really pursuing the ideas advocated by the Société Africaine de Culture," Harold Cruse, author of *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, told us, "but I was quickly turned off when they began to move in another political direction. It was composed of a combination of careerists, slick articulate operators with little conviction, and leaders of the integrationist Negro intellectual establishment. They were liberals without a base whose legitimacy came entirely from their association with established groups like AMSAC. I even doubt they were capable of thinking this kind of operation up themselves."

It will never be clear to what extent the "AMSAC Afros," as Cruse calls them, did think up the organization for themselves; but even if they did, they certainly didn't pay for it. That was taken care of by the CIA, which realized that AMSAC's brand of non-radical cultural nationalism could be useful abroad and perhaps eventually at home. The organization's 1962 conference report declared, "American Negroes do not hold important posts in the great corporations doing business in Africa. Nor can it be said that they seek to make or have been given the opportunity of making money in Africa. Mainly they bring service and love to the complex of Afro-American relations." This they indeed did, but often without knowing what and whose ends they were serving.

AMSAC's cultural and educational programs—the frosting on the political cake the CIA was serving up to emerging Africa—involved some of America's most prominent black artists: Odetta, Randy Weston, Nina Simone, Lionel Hampton and Langston Hughes. The organization also sponsored visits to Africa by American Negro scholars, writers, lawyers and intellectuals. AMSAC's representatives included scholar Saunders Redding, the man whom Harold Cruse describes as the chief of intellectual spokesmen for the American Negro establishment; artists Jacob Lawrence and Elton Fax, and former NAACP counsel Robert Carter. Men like these provided the cultural camouflage which not only disguised the political nature of AMSAC's work, but deepened its impact on Africans as well. But the careers of others, far less celebrated, tell more about the real AMSAC enterprise.

[III. BLACK CIA AGENT]

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING case studies of AMSAC's use of its Afros centers on the man who was the organization's assistant executive director from its early days through 1961—a tall, frequently goateed,

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black CIA agent named James T. ("Ted") Harris.

Born in Philadelphia in 1924, Harris won a DAR medal for good scholarship at La Salle College. After service during the war, he returned to La Salle where he built a reputation as a concerned and outspoken liberal. Visible, articulate black collegians were a rarity in those days, and Harris' reputation grew nationally when he became involved in student politics. In 1948, when the newly formed National Student Association elected him president, he quickly won admission to the inner circle, the CIA's "old boy network" which came to dominate NSA activities for almost 20 years.

Early in the '50s, Harris moved to Geneva, where he served as assistant secretary-general for the CIA-supported World University Service. From that post he returned to the U.S. for more training. After receiving a master's degree at Princeton's Public Affairs Institute, where he studied on a CIA Whitney scholarship, he was off to Cairo for field experience, this time on a Ford Foundation Research Fellowship. He returned to the NSA after his stint in Egypt, to run the important CIA-funded Foreign Student Leadership Program to "assist active student leaders in the Third World." Through this job, Harris came to know and befriend many African students in the U.S. His next assignment followed naturally. He moved on to AMSAC.

Harris was active in AMSAC through 1961. In that year, while the U.S. was desperately trying to stabilize a friendly national government in the Congo, Harris went back to the Ford Foundation, which made him secretary-general of a Ford-funded National School for Law and Administration in Leopoldville (now Kinshasa). Harris spent two years there, shaping an educational program which, as he was later to tell AMSAC's Howard University conference on Southern Africa, provided a way to instruct the Congolese in Western administrative techniques. Congolese sources strongly suspected that the school also served as a conduit for CIA money which was pumped into the pockets of selected Congolese politicians. As soon as a dependable Congolese was groomed to take over the school, Harris returned to New York to help the Ford Foundation shape its overseas development programs for Africa and the Middle East. In 1964, he left Ford to direct education and training for the Corning Glass Works in New York, working under Amory Houghton, the man who had headed the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs (FYSA), the CIA's principal agency for funding its international student programs. In 1966, while remaining a consultant to Houghton, Harris moved on to join yet another CIA creation, the African-American Institute. At the AAI, he directed field programs, traveling frequently to Africa.

By January 1969, when Harris left AAI and international work, he had compiled an impressive record. He had traveled to all of Western Europe and to the Middle East, to India, Pakistan and 23 countries in northern, eastern, western and central Africa (as well as 49 states of the U.S.), often on speaking tours. His languages included Arabic, French, Italian and Spanish. He was a member of the powerful and prestigious Council on Foreign Relations and the NAACP, and a director of an offshoot of CORE, the Scholarship, Education and Defense Fund for Racial Equality.

The CIA backed AMSAC and supported people like Harris because its strategists had a sophisticated understanding of how a certain brand of African cultural nationalism could be dangerous to America's international objectives. They realized that cultural radicalism often stimulated political radicalism and that cultural issues, especially in the emerging African states, were often latent with explosive political implications. Maintaining an effective political presence in resurgent Africa thus required an active cultural dimension, and the CIA took an early interest in attempting to control the emerging cultural-political elites and, as much as possible, making sure that their concerns stayed at arm's length from revolution. The Agency saw cultural nationalism and new notions of "negritude" as alternatives to the type of revolutionary culture called for by such radicals as Frantz Fanon, who once said, "It is around the people's struggles that African Negro culture takes on substance and not around songs, poems, and folklore."

The architects of the CIA's covertly-backed cultural program selectively encouraged those black writers most friendly to the West. Through its program of enlightened patronage, these writers found a ready outlet for their work in a whole series of cultural magazines in and about Africa, funded by CIA-backed foundations: Africa Report (African-American Institute); Transition and The New African (Congress of Cultural Freedom); Classic (Farfield Foundation); and others. And finally, AMSAC had its own magazine, African Forum. The writers favored by these publications were not agents, but simply men whose politics were acceptable to the American culture brokers. And what Fanon later called "a charmed circle of mutual admiration at the summit" quickly emerged. Patronage and promotion won international recognition for the CIA's cultural elite while providing a cultural framework important to the directed development of African consciousness.

The CIA did not become the leading international impresario of black culture for the aesthetic pleasure of the experience. The great question during the heyday of AMSAC and similar organizations was what formal African independence would actually mean once it became a reality. And at some point, the CIA decided that the development of a safe cultural nationalism was critically important to U.S. interests in Africa. It was essential not only as a way of keeping cultural energies in line, but primarily (though the two are intertwined) to channel the explosive force of nationalism itself in directions suitable to the U.S. The tide of decolonization rolling over the continent could open the way for a new American Empire to break the old imperial monopoly of the European order that had controlled Africa. Or it could produce the kind of radical nationalism which would guard the new Open Door with inhospitable vigilance, and might even make accommodations with the communist powers. Thus the CIA made every effort to promote a kind of cultural nationalism in Africa which would be satisfied with the removal of the most obvious forms of foreign domination; one in which concern for cultural integrity did not reinforce, but rather replaced, demands for basic economic and political autonomy.

This was the scope of the enterprise in which American blacks became indispensably involved, through AMSAC and other vehicles. But to appreciate the effect of this misalliance on African development and to see what the alternative of cultural nationalism meant in its social and political context in Africa (and could mean in the United States, if the Nixon Administration is successful), one must also view the operation from the receiving end. A particularly vivid example of America's ideological manipulation of African society in transition

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is seen in the role played by the CIA in shaping the nationalist movement in Kenya.

[IV. A CIA JET SET]

THE NIGHTMARE OF PRIMAL BLACK SAVAGERY that pervades white fantasies about Africa has been evoked most vividly by Kenya, scene of the bloodlust and carnage of the Mau Mau. This myth of the Mau Mau (as the Kenya Peace and Land Army was known in the West) is the inverse of the reality. Throughout the entire Mau Mau "Emergency," fewer than 100 whites were killed—including 57 counterinsurgency police; among Africans the toll was greater than 11,000. Colonial security forces, like the American "scalphunters," hunted men for bounty. Tens of thousands of Africans were herded into British detention camps. In one roundup, 35,000 were arrested in a single day.

The Mau Mau myth and similar racist inventions still hold firm in the popular mind, but responsible agencies of the U.S. government cannot afford to hamper their own effectiveness with such unsophisticated views. Thus, in the decade preceding Kenyan independence and since that time, the CIA has provided carefully selective support to elements of the same independence movement which most Americans could think of only with revulsion and horror.

The United States may seem in any case to be an unlikely supporter of national liberation struggles in the Third World. But the fact is that U.S. policy has never stopped at sponsoring black militancy, whether of the Mau Mau or of CORE, when it served the right purpose. As Vice President, Nixon reported to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee following his 1957 African tour: "American interests in the future are so great as to justify us in not hesitating even to assist the departure of the colonial powers from Africa. If we can win native opinion in this process the future of America in Africa will be assured." The trouble with old style colonialism in Africa, Nixon perceived, was that it was so un-American.

The CIA's program in Kenya could be summed up as one of selective liberation. The chief beneficiary was Tom Mboya, who in 1953 became general secretary of the Kenya Federation of Labor. During the "Emergency," when all other African political organizations were banned, the KFL was the leading vehicle for the independence movement. It was harassed, its offices were ransacked, and many of its leaders were detained. But it survived and Mboya became a hero. Both a credible nationalist and an economic conservative, Mboya was ideal for the CIA's purposes—the main nationalist hero and eventual chief of state, Jomo Kenyatta, not being considered sufficiently safe. Mboya even propounded a brand of African socialism which favored "free" (i.e. anticommunist) trade unions and encouraged foreign investment, foreign banking, and foreign land ownership. African socialism, he said, meant "those proven codes of conduct in the African societies which have over the ages conferred dignity on our people and afforded them security regardless of their station in life. I refer to universal charity, which characterizes our societies, and I refer to the African thought processes and cosmological ideas, which regard men not as a social means, but as an end and entity in society."

Like America's black capitalism today, this prescription hardly struck the strategists of white America as a threat. Mboya's cultural socialism was seen as something which could inoculate against the actual disease of revolution; it clearly deserved support. Mboya soon joined the CIA jet set, traveling the world from Oxford to Calcutta on funds from such conduits as the Africa Bureau and from the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions. (ICFTU, which played a key role in Kenya, is an aggregation of international trade union secretariats set up in 1949 to counter an upsurge of left-wing trade unionism outside the communist bloc. Its extensive international operations in Africa and elsewhere were funded and manipulated by the CIA through various of its U.S.-based affiliated secretariats. Recently, however, there has been a split with U.S. labor organizations.)

Mboya later became ICFTU representative in the region. His articles were published by other CIA recipients, including the International Union of Socialist Youth, the International Student Conference, and the World Assembly of Youth. Meanwhile the American press was touting him as a future leader of East Africa. Even the Wall Street Journal's article on Mboya was headed: "Businessmen Favorably Impressed."

The ICFTU also supported Mboya and his African socialism through his KFL, a model "free trade union"—aid which reached £1000 a month in outright grants during the early '60s. In addition, the CIA-supported Fund for International Social and Economic Education contributed more than $25,000 to the Federation's coffers. One of the directors of this Fund, George Cabot Lodge (Henry's son), explained the importance of this aid in *Spearheads of Democracy*, a book which grew out of a Council on Foreign Relations study group which brought labor experts together with Cord Meyer Jr., the chief of the CIA's covert funding program. Speaking for the group, Lodge wrote: "The obscure trade unionist of today may well be the president or prime minister of tomorrow. In many countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America, trade unions are almost the only organized force in direct contact with the people and they are frequently among the most important influences on the people." Aid to Mboya, he added, "has not only strengthened [ICFTU] but the whole cause of freedom and democracy in Africa."

The British were uncomfortably aware of what their "special ally" was doing in Kenya. In a British Cabinet Annexe marked for "UK EYES ONLY," dated December 21, 1959, they complained: "The aim seems to be to take advantage of the difficult situation in which the United Kingdom and other European powers find themselves and to replace their influence and interests by direct U.S. machinery of the ICFTU and American contacts that have been built up with American leaders for this purpose." The document concluded that "Americans are not interested in the creation of genuine African trade unions as we know them. America has no Labour Party. . . . As a result, the American trade union leaders such as Meany, Reuther, and Dubinsky can afford directly and openly to execute governmental and particularly State Department and CIA policy."

The ICFTU often works through the mainly U.S.-based international union secretariats. In Africa, where unionization has been concentrated in government employment, the most important secretariat—and accordingly the main CIA instrument—has been the Public Services International (which was also instrumental in the overthrow of the Cheddi Jagan government in British Guiana). W. C. Lawrence, a PSI representative in East Africa, laconically expressed the organization's role

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in a February 15, 1962 letter to his superior, Paul Tofahrn: "It seems to me that it is up to us to see that they [East African unionists] know what is right."

In 1963, just after Mboya left his post with the Kenya Federation of Labor, it looked as if the Federation might be losing sight of "what is right." Strikes threatened throughout the economy, and PSI feared some kind of class polarization of the society during the critical transition to independence, perhaps leading to the wrong kind of independence entirely. PSI records reveal how it stepped in. General Secretary Tofahrn sent a "Dear Tom" letter to Mboya on January 29, 1963, reading in part: "Perhaps the Government can do nothing else but say 'no' to their claims, but then the question arises how to say 'no' in a manner so convincing that the people concerned accept 'no' for an answer." He added that he was sending a special representative, T. Nynan, to Nairobi "to seek to avoid a strike," and he concluded with the comment that "this letter is written in order to urge you to drop hints in the appropriate quarter."

Mboya's hints were right on target, and on February 13, Nynan was able to report that the situation was in hand. "I was very lucky," he wrote, "getting the support of Brother Tom Mboya in my tries to avoid the strike."

[V. PEACE WITH FREEDOM]

UNDERWRITING MBOYA AND HIS Labor Federation was a natural strategy for the U.S. in Kenya during the '50s and early '60s. It advanced responsible nationalism; and it was painless, because the employers faced with higher wage demands were British, not American. By 1964, however, American investments, which would reach $100 million by 1967, were becoming significant, and some of the Kenyan union demands began to lose their charm. But even more important, 1964 also brought dangers of "political instability" serious enough to make radio communications with the Nairobi Embassy eighth highest on the State Department roster for the year. Zanzibar revolted and Tanzania's Nyerere was nearly overthrown. Rebellion was spreading through the Northeast Congo, and Kenya lay astride the natural supply route. The CIA decided that a new approach was in order.

Mboya had long been supported as a force to the right of Prime Minister Jomo Kenyatta, but an accommodation with Kenyatta was now seen as necessary, particularly to insure that he did not support the Congolese rebels, and more generally to get him to close ranks against the agitating Kenyan left. It was a strategy which has since become familiar enough: utilize the credibility of the appropriate flexible militants to crush the rest.

In June 1964, U.S. Ambassador to Kenya William Attwood met with Kenyatta and agreed that Western labor groups would stop subsidizing Mboya and the KFL; for balance, Kenyatta assured him that Russian and Chinese aid to the leftist leader, Vice President Odinga, would also end. Simultaneously, the CIA was making appropriate shifts in its operations, throwing its resources into a new kind of vehicle which would embrace the whole Kenyan political mainstream, while isolating the left and setting it up for destruction by Kenyatta. To this end the CIA shifted its emphasis to an organization by the name of "Peace With Freedom."

Incorporated in 1960 as International Features Service, a press agency bringing the thoughts of Hubert Humphrey to the people of the Third World, Peace With Freedom went nonprofit and reorganized in 1962 under the direction of Murray Baron, vice president of New York's Liberal Party. To insure a credible operation, Baron brought in NAACP head Roy Wilkins, who in turn convinced the United Auto Workers' Walter Reuther to come aboard. The CIA, of course, came up with the cash to help bring the combined forces of American civil rights and liberalism to Africa. PWF's income for 1963 consisted of $27,826 from the International Development Foundation, a conduit, and $130,799.78 from the dummy Price Fund. A mere $765.75 accrued from "other sources." Funding in the following years was the same story, all CIA sources—though the total had more than doubled by 1966.

By 1965, the original press agency operation had grown by leaps and bounds; it maintained 24 representatives around the world and published in 22 languages. Among the most popular writers, along with Humphrey, were Tom Mboya and Roy Wilkins.

Mboya had not been forgotten in the shift to PWF. The new organization contributed $40,000 to the KFL for publication of its weekly newspaper, Mfanyi Kasi (Worker Solidarity), in English and Swahili. But this support now figured in a far broader context than it had in the past. PWF created and financed a whole string of East African organizations including the East African Institute of Social and Cultural Affairs, the East African Publishing House (now reorganized as Afro-Press), the Jomo Kenyatta Educational Institute, the Kenneth Kuanda Foundation and the Milton Obote Foundation in Uganda.

It was an entire prefabricated cultural and intellectual infrastructure, reaching from the elite academic setting to the mass media of radio and pamphleteering. It aimed, in the favored phrase, at "nation building," shaping a social infrastructure, an elite and an ideological base. In Kenya, Peace With Freedom's operation was practically all-encompassing. The principal exception was the Lumumba Institute, opened on December 13, 1964 (Independence Day). Although Kenyatta himself was the nominal patron, real control lay in the hands of Vice President Odinga and the left, whose cadres it trained.

In the following year, Kenyatta was encouraged to move against Odinga, cementing the deal he had negotiated with Attwood. The Constitution was revised to strip Odinga's vice presidential office of its power; his post in Kenyatta's political party was eliminated, his trade union base (competitive with the KFL) reorganized out of existence. When he resigned the vice presidency in protest, Odinga was successfully shut out of effective campaigning in the subsequent election. And the Lumumba Institute was dissolved by executive decree when its students objected to the government's formulation of "African Socialism." While the left was being destroyed, PWF's cultural-political complex was operating to keep the nation on an even keel, providing stable mechanisms for what could be misinterpreted as constructive dissent and in effect defining the limits of legitimate social and political debate. One man working with PWF in Kenya, Heinz Berger, described the significance of his program to us, saying its "existence means there is no gap which some other country or ideology could fill."

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When Ambassador Attwood departed from Kenya in 1966, he expressed satisfaction with what had been accomplished there: "White fears of blacks in power in Kenya had proved to be unfounded; a white Kenyan was still minister of agriculture and 1700 Englishmen still worked in various branches of the Kenyan government. . . . Odinga and the demagogues were out of office. The men moving up . . . were unemotional, hardworking and practical minded. When they talked about Kenya's agricultural revolution they sounded like Walt Rostow; they spoke of available credit, fair prices, technical assistance and the cash purchase of tools and consumer goods." U.S. exports had grown from $13.5 million in 1963 to $31.6 million three years later when Attwood left. It was quite a record for Attwood. But then, as he himself has modestly observed: "...an Ambassador who treats his CIA chief as an integral member of his Country Team will generally find him a useful and cooperative associate. I know I did."

There have been setbacks since, however—four of PWF's top men were refused entry in February 1968 by pro-British Home Minister Daniel Moi who alleged they were connected with the CIA, after which PWF's New York office shut down and the organization disappeared. And the problem of Kenyatta's successor may prove dangerous since discontent is widespread and growing and the economy is in trouble. But these difficulties notwithstanding, Attwood's enthusiastic recounting of how "Black Power in Kenya" had avoided demagogues and had ceased to be something to be feared is impressive. It could almost serve as an expression of the current devout and determined wish for just such a development of Black Power in the United States. Certainly the lessons of Africa have not been lost on those who have consecrated their wishes with coins in the fountain of black capitalism and cultural nationalism. But the carry-over to the present case goes beyond mere tactical experience taken to heart by the manipulators of black destiny. The CIA may no longer be the vanguard agency, but the momentum in the ideology that was set in motion continues strong, and there is continuity in the very personnel. People who provided the racial cover are still proving remarkably serviceable in that same role today.

[VI. IN THE SHADOW OF MALCOLM X]

BECAUSE HE IS SO DECIDEDLY "RESPONSIBLE" a black leader, Roy Wilkins' involvement with such CIA operations as AMSAC and Peace With Freedom may not seem an absolute incongruity. His public orientation toward established power has never marked him as a revolutionary *enragé*. He did, for example, call the nation's civil rights leaders together in 1964 to forge a consensus for a moratorium on demonstrations, so as not to embarrass Johnson and thereby aid Goldwater. The case of James Farmer, however (who alone, except for John Lewis of SNCC, rejected Wilkins' proposal), is quite different. He and CORE, which he headed from 1961 to 1966, have come down on the militant side of the "Movement," from being in the forefront of the Freedom Rides—which Farmer led and for which he was jailed—to the adoption of the slogan "Black Power" long before it became a way to public acceptance. The most disruptive civil rights "direct action" campaigns in northern cities were sponsored by CORE, with Farmer's leadership and support. Nevertheless, even at the height of these years of activist militancy, Farmer could be found serving as an effective, if unwitting, instrument of CIA operations.

Farmer's most significant service was done in the course of two CIA-sponsored trips to Africa, the first of which took place in 1958. Farmer had already passed into the Agency's orbit from '50 to '54, when he served as national secretary of the youth affiliate of the nominally socialist and fiercely (if not exclusively) anticommunist League for Industrial Democracy (LID). The Student League (SLID) was an associate member of the CIA-financed International Union of Socialist Youth. (SLID was not considered sufficiently socialist for full membership.) SLID itself received funds to maintain its international contacts from the Agency's prime conduit on the student front, the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs. Here Farmer picked up the orientation and the contacts which made it inevitable that the CIA would cross his path again.

After leaving SLID, Farmer went to work for the New York based State, County and Municipal Employees Union, gaining the post of international representative. Farmer caught the attention of the union's ex-president, Arnold Zander, who was himself deeply and knowledgeably involved in the CIA's international labor program. Zander selected Farmer for the African tour; he was to represent their own public employees union on a five-member delegation of the Public Services International, which as part of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions was earlier seen to be a mainstay of CIA operations in Kenya and Africa generally during this period. The 15-nation PSI tour was part of the overall "clean union" program being conducted by the Agency in Africa.

PSI President Zimmernuss, in reporting what had been learned from this journey, said that PSI guidance for African unions was sorely needed. "Their work is still in the kindergarten stage," he observed. He noted that the picture was brightest where white rule continued, particularly in the Belgian Congo: "There at least a trade union is able to work." The greatest danger uncovered was the communists who preyed on the Africans' simple innocence. "The African knows nothing of the communists," he explained. "They treat him as an equal." Fortunately this subversion was being countered by organizers of the Catholic union movement who, he reported, employed such imaginative tactics as getting Africans to join their union's May Day parade by offering them "trousers, shirts and other presents, that they could get no other way." Far more advanced forms of using the white man's gifts to preserve African unionists from the indignities of the communists have already been described with reference to PSI work in Kenya.

The PSI report on the trip refers to Farmer as a "colored trade unionist—a fact which naturally proved of considerable advantage to the delegation in its approach to the Africans." This is a somewhat dry description of the outpouring of good faith lavished on Farmer and thereby indirectly on the organizations and politics he had gone there to represent. Farmer himself describes it this way: ". . . all over Africa black men made me feel as if *they* were my family. When I left Nigeria, on that first visit, Nigerian trade-unionists gathered at the airport to see me off, and they threw their arms around me and kissed me." By all means, then, the "fact . . . proved of considerable advantage. . . ."

James Farmer by Joanna Vogelsang

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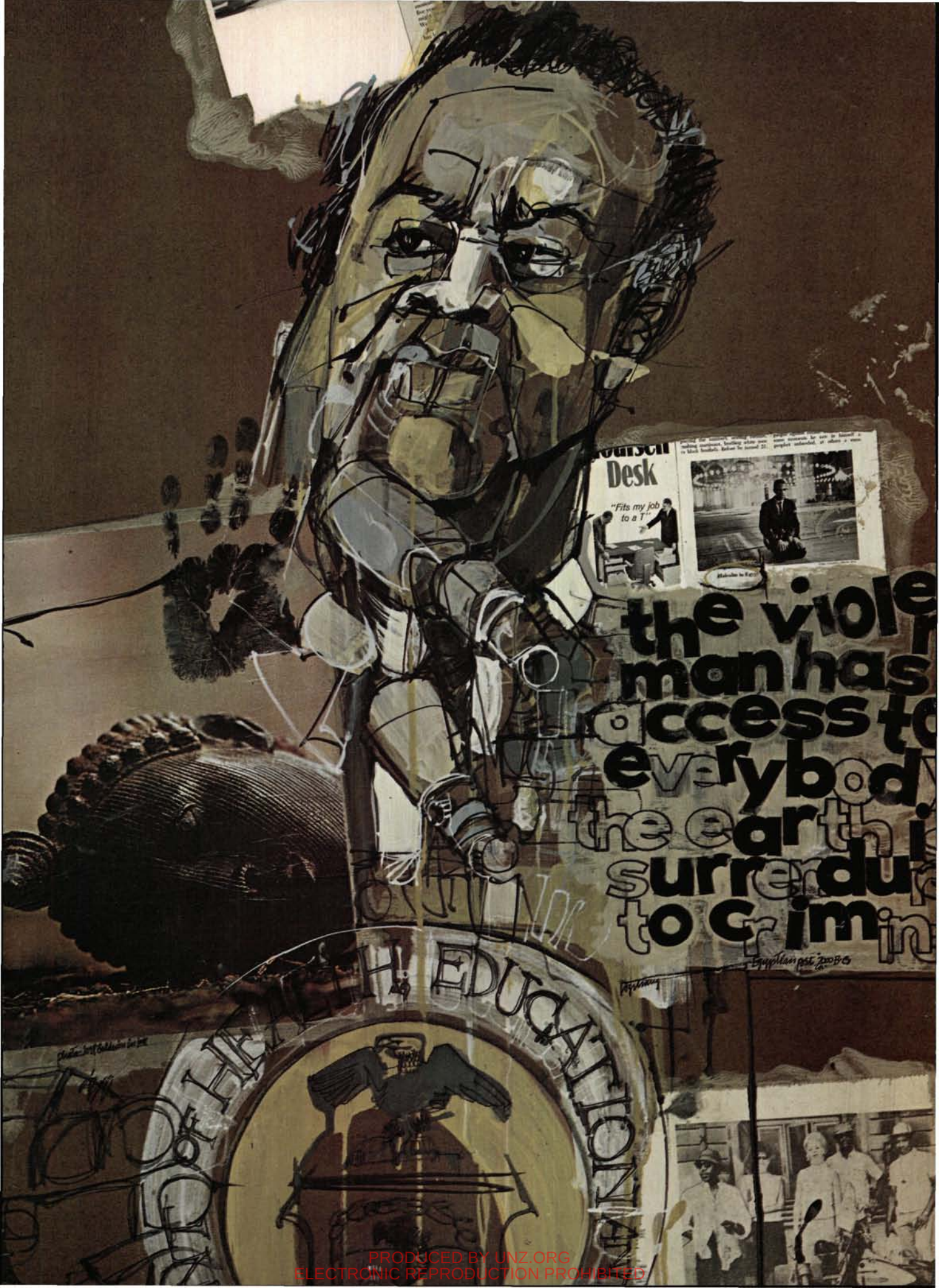

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Farmer returned to the U.S. in December 1958. Not long afterwards, Roy Wilkins invited him to join the NAACP staff. In 1961, he returned to CORE as national director, leading the Freedom Rides that year (two years later he was nearly lynched by state troopers in Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana).

By 1962, when AMSAC created a subsidiary called the American Negro Leadership Conference on Africa (ANLC), James Farmer's was an indispensable name on the definitive roster, which included A. Philip Randolph, Whitney Young Jr., Roy Wilkins and Martin Luther King Jr. Farmer described the purpose of the group: "As Americans of African descent, we felt we should take the lead in interpreting for America what was happening in Africa and also in explaining to Africans what was happening in America. We felt too that our opinions should weigh in the formation of American foreign policy regarding Africa."

In particular need of interpretation at that time was the spectacle of dogs, cattle prods, clubs and bullwhips used against black Americans by officers of the law. The American way of life was becoming increasingly hard to sell, and AMSAC's offspring (ANLC's one-man staff and chief traveling representative, Ted Brown, was from AMSAC and worked out of AMSAC offices) could be of enormous benefit to the government. Who could better reaffirm American legitimacy than the spokesmen of its victims? The very authority of black suffering could be turned to a national advantage.

Ultimately, ANLC did not achieve the great overall impact which had been anticipated by the CIA, which was paying the bills through AMSAC. The results were assessed recently by a secret meeting of a Council on Foreign Relations study group on U.S. African policy. There was no disappointment in the politics of the protagonists (though today SNCC would probably not be invited). Rather, as one discussant, Ulric Haynes Jr., a prominent black business consultant and former African affairs advisor to President Johnson, observed, "The move had been premature. . . . American Negroes at that time did not consciously identify with their African heritage. An effort of this kind would be more effective today than it was then."

EVEN SO, ANLC WAS ABLE to prove its usefulness. Its biggest job came in 1964, when American credibility in Africa had plunged disastrously in light of the Kennedy assassination, the presence of a Southerner in the White House, and the wake of the "humanitarian mission" to the Congo. On top of everything else, Malcolm X had chosen that moment to make his two triumphant tours of Africa.

Ambassador Attwood described the embarrassment of Malcolm's visit: "On Kenya television he identified himself as the leader of 22 million American Negroes and painted an exaggerated picture of their plight. After he left, I alerted other posts of his arrival, suggesting they enlighten their African friends in advance."

His caution was well founded. One African newspaper editorialized: "An extremely important fact is that Malcolm X is the first Afro-American leader of national standing to make an independent trip to Africa since Dr. DuBois came to Ghana. . . . Let's make sure we don't give it less thought than the State Department is doubtless giving it right now."

Another African paper predicted: "Malcolm X is one of our most significant and militant leaders. We are in battle. Efforts will be made to malign and discredit him. . . ." And sure enough, while Malcolm was still in Africa a grant was being funneled through AMSAC to send—in the company of AMSAC's James Baker—a representative of ANLC on an extended African tour covering all the countries that Malcolm himself had visited. James Farmer was selected.

Farmer contends that he did not know the CIA was behind the trip, and that in any case it was not meant to counter Malcolm's tour. He recalls that on the day his trip was formally announced, New York radio stations disclosed that he was going abroad to answer Malcolm X. "Of course, that wasn't my intent at all," says Farmer now. "Malcolm called me up after those announcements appeared, and I of course denied them. He came over and spent an evening with me before I left, briefing me on his trip and suggesting people for me to look for. He left amicably and in fact it was on this trip—while I was in Ghana—that someone told me of Malcolm's impending assassination. That's why, if you remember, I was one of the few people who called for a federal inquiry and suggested that the CIA was involved in his murder."

Whatever personal intentions paved Farmer's path to Africa, the CIA got its money's worth out of it: Farmer was given red-carpet treatment. With enviable mobility he was able to meet with the heads of state of all but one of the countries he visited, meeting also with representatives of the Southern African liberation movements and—according to an AMSAC report—"he also talked to the U.S. ambassadors to the countries he visited and to other members of U.S. embassies there."

Writing after his return in AMSAC's CIA-financed journal, African Forum, Farmer was preoccupied with Malcolm's influence in Africa. "President Johnson," reported Farmer, "for all his inestimable good will—and I think he has it—has not been well-projected in Africa. In addition, Malcolm X contributed to the generally unfavorable African opinion of Johnson by characterizing him in speeches and conversations with Africans as a 'Southern racist.'" Elsewhere he notes that the response to his own defense of Johnson was "cautious."

"Malcolm made a considerable impact on African university campuses, but I felt this was largely superficial," Farmer wrote. The CORE leader told African audiences that what Malcolm had really been promoting was a form of apartheid. Farmer's African safari was, according to Jet Magazine, the Negro weekly, "a trial run for the post of assistant secretary of State for African Affairs." Much to his credit, he was critical of several aspects of the United States' Africa policy and didn't get the job.

In the case of the Congo he even went so far as to reveal and assail the fact that U.S. military planes were providing logistical support for the white mercenary army. On the other hand, Farmer could be counted on to eschew extreme alternatives to that policy. He recalls, "When I was in East Africa, many of the younger East Africans told me we [the U.S.] should get out of the Congo altogether. I told them I thought this nonsense. No major power would withdraw from so important a place as the Congo. It is both implausible and undesirable. . . ." Farmer's view was that Tshombe and the rebels were both "unacceptable," and that "the hope for the Congo lies in a third force: perhaps it is lying dormant among the brilliant university students—the politicians, ad-

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ministrators and professional classes of tomorrow"—a hope that CIA agent Harris shared when he set up his Congo school to provide just such leadership training.

One does not send a man like Farmer to Africa expecting him to be a sycophantic apologist for the excesses of American overseas adventures. Nor does one give him a cabinet post and expect him to turn his back on the variety of domestic militancy he helped pioneer. His record of criticism makes his basic sympathy for the reasonable exercise of American power all the more compelling. America has plenty of diplomats to make uncritical defenses of policy. But they do not have the same access to prestige that Farmer, with his militant credentials, enjoys.

[VII. GOOD AND BAD BLACK POWER]

IN ACCEPTING A POSITION AS THE RANKING black in the new Nixon Administration, James Farmer noted that he could choose between standing outside and criticizing, or getting "on the inside" to help determine the course of events. Farmer was not alone in feeling that the new President was ready to come to terms with Black Power on pragmatic, if not ideological, grounds. The current leadership of CORE, along with other militants, had discovered that the agencies of government and of private financial power were eager to get in on the ground floor and underwrite the stock of Black Power. As CORE's Roy Innis said of Nixon's presidency, "Somehow our agendas intersect."

Of course, Black Power, like African nationalism, could be conceived and directed in a number of ways, some of them not at all threatening to the status quo. And the current administration has already seen its job as winnowing away the Good Black Power from the Bad. Such an approach to America's racial crisis has been in the offing for some time. The media have joined in promoting it to the white public. Time magazine announced over a year and a half ago: "What has clearly developed . . . is a Black Power movement on a more respectable base. . . . The most intelligent spokesmen for the new attitude think of it in terms of Black Consciousness—or more completely, of Black Pride."

This interpretation of the black revolution—sanctioning and encouraging those aspects which are the least revolutionary—is, of course, a reminder of the international strategy the CIA developed around AMSAC, the subsidies it gave to select leaders in Africa, and its sponsorship of Tom Mboya's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. And again, as in those cases, the current emphasis is on a variety of Black Power which is a psycho-cultural redemption, not one that offers to reevaluate the social and economic power of its new backers. Common ground is staked out and emphasized between white capitalism and black militance, but it is always safely within the boundaries of the status quo. And those who say that the status quo is simply not plastic enough to contain all the contradictions of racism in America are isolated as Bad Black Powerites. Just as in Africa those following the Frantz Fanons were pushed beyond the pale of respectability and those following the Mboyas rewarded, so today those militant blacks who accept black capitalism are heavily subsidized while those who support social revolution are hunted down.

As U.S. News & World Report has noted, " 'Black capitalism' is turning out to be a form of 'Black Power' with wide appeal to members of both races," one which "is gaining backers—and financial assistance—among white businessmen, bankers and industrialists." Ralph T. McElvenny, president of American Natural Gas Company, gave a concise summary of the thoughts of many corporate leaders when he said last February: "The Negro must have a stake in the economy that gives him more to lose than to gain by rioting and insurrection." This statement parallels one made by Thomas H. Burress, an activist in Philadelphia's burgeoning black capitalist movement: "If people in the neighborhood own a share of the business, when someone with a Molotov cocktail approaches the place, windows will fly open and residents will say, 'Don't you dare burn my dollar's worth.' " Reverend Leon Sullivan, organizer of the Philadelphia-based Opportunities Industrialization Center, a black corporation complex operating in 70 U.S. cities, as well as Puerto Rico, Senegal, Nigeria and Kenya, adds, "I will never be satisfied until every black adult in America owns a piece of this country individually or mutually, even if it is no more than two square feet of earth or a share of stock."

Not everyone associated with black capitalism, of course, would express his vision in just this way. Many would differ sharply, but the white power brokers who are funding and encouraging black capitalism will embrace militant rhetoric so long as they have the potentially explosive situation itself under control. After all, the most Marxist of all interpretations of black capitalism comes from the official rhetoric of Richard Nixon: "With the ownership of the means of production goes power, prestige, security, the right to decide and to choose."

Sometimes the brokerage of power is merely ludicrous, as when the Labor Department set up a project in Washington, D.C. to hire 1000 ghetto youths to clean the streets and called it "Pride, Inc." Sometimes it is more candid, as when Ralph Taylor, assistant secretary of Housing and Urban Development in charge of the model cities program, said, "I'm not against black participation, but it must be tied in to the larger, white system."

Those who hold power in the society retain control, though they may grant support to dissidents when it suits their immediate purposes. And the lesson of the CIA's African operations is that those in power know precisely why their support is rendered, even if the recipients know neither the reason nor the source.

Black Power has come a long way since 1966. But the question now is whether the journey has been up or downhill, whether or not the slogan has made any significant impression upon the system which gave rise to it. James Farmer, his peculiar career capped by the strange irony of being the black man most intimately involved with the official administration of Good Black Power, once put his finger on a problem which has since only intensified. "The evil of slavery . . ." he wrote in *Freedom—When?*, "is in the way it permitted white men to *handle* Negroes—their bodies, their actions, their opportunities, their very minds and thoughts. To the depths of their souls Negroes feel handled, dealt with, ordered about, manipulated—by white men. I cannot overemphasize the tenacity and intensity of this feeling among Negroes and I believe any fair-minded person pondering the history of the Negro's enforced posture in a world of white power would concede the justice of this feeling."

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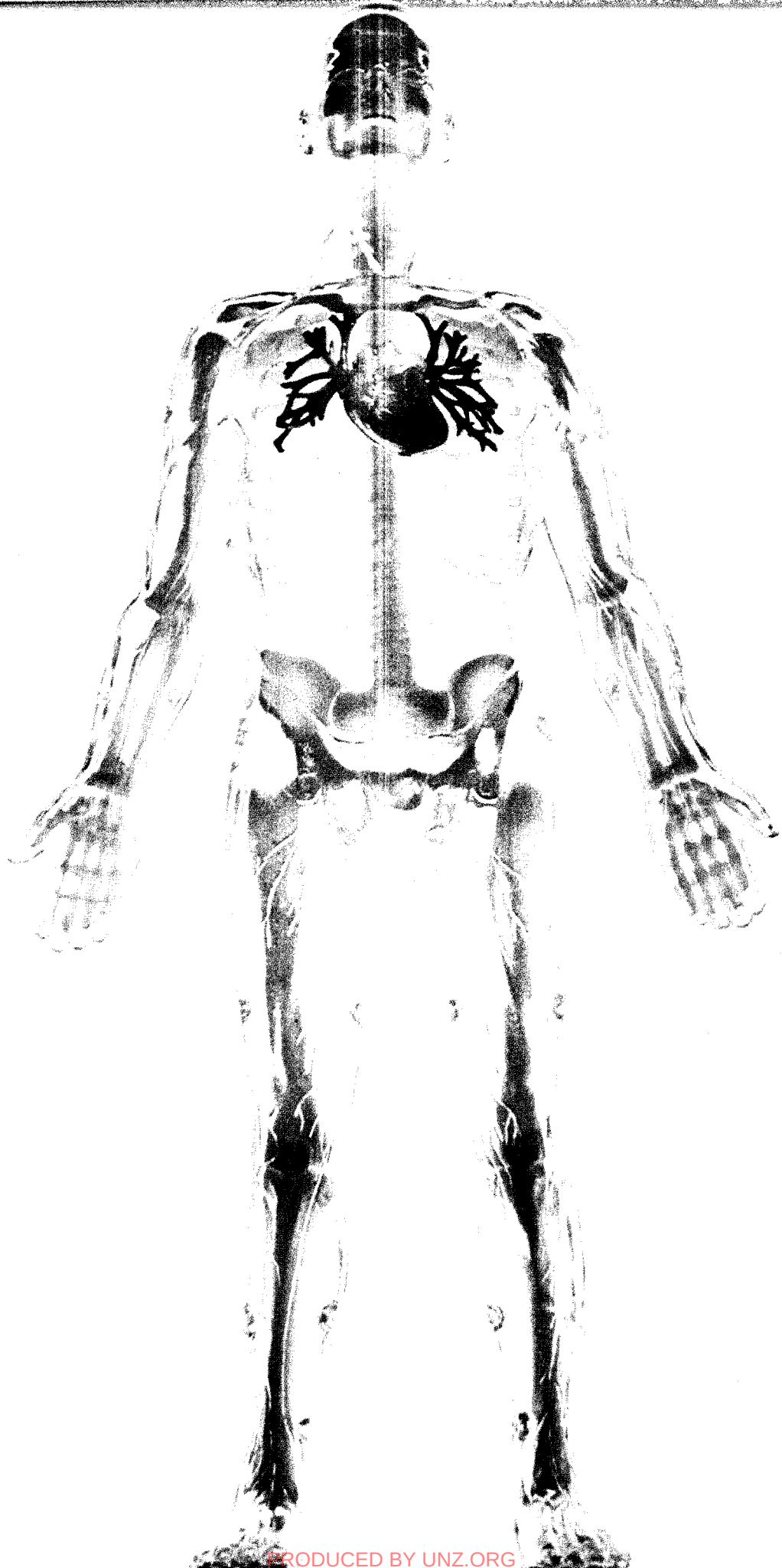

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The Heart is a Lonely Hunter

ONE WEEK after his heart surgery in São Paulo, Brazil, Joao Ferreira da Cunha sat up in his hospital bed. Strumming his guitar, the twenty-three-year-old Brazilian cowboy chatted with the nurse at his side. Who, he wanted to know, was the celebrity being discussed on the radio news broadcast? He and the cowboy had the same name.

"Why it's you," his nurse said. The cowboy put down his guitar, astounded. Thus, he learned—one week after the operation—that he had undergone a heart transplant. Two weeks later, da Cunha stood up suddenly, and the jolt threw his transplanted heart into fibrillation. After five days he died of heart failure.

Unfortunately, it is Joao Ferreira da Cunha—not Philip Blaiberg—who is most representative of heart transplant recipients because, like most heart transplantees, da Cunha died relatively soon after the operation. As this is written, the survival rate for the operation is falling toward the 25 per cent mark. Heart transplant surgeons like to refer only to the survivors, pointing out that they would be dead if they had not received new hearts. But this is a matter for speculation. No one likes to think about the dead recipients who would be alive if the operation had not been performed.

Most debate over heart transplants has centered on the issue of donor ethics: When does life end? Who pulls the switch and when? When can a donor heart morally be taken? The flap over donor ethics—although certainly important—has deflected attention from the real issue at hand, which is whether heart transplantation represents therapy for the recipient. In short, the chief issue is not when to take the donor heart, but whether the recipient is likely to benefit. From the rather grim mortality tables, it is becoming obvious that most recipients do not.

The first year of heart transplant operations revealed that the healthier a patient is before the transplant, the more likely he is to survive the operation. In fact, the ideal heart transplant recipient would appear to be a patient who is so healthy he doesn't need a heart transplant at all. Potential recipients face a rather terrible paradox: the critically ill are not likely to

by W. David Gardner

Photograph by John Peden

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survive the operation; the healthier ones are too well to risk the still-experimental surgery. Cardiac patients without hope—those for whom death is unquestionably imminent in a few minutes or hours—generally have other severely damaged vital organs, usually lungs and livers. When a new heart is transplanted, the other damaged organs often can't keep up with the vigorous new heart and the patient succumbs.

The crux of the problem is the difficulty cardiac specialists have in determining when a heart patient is going to die. There are few complaints about doing a heart transplant when the patient is literally at death's door, but a questionable area is entered when the patient's condition is not critical. He might be better off if he were simply left alone. Or perhaps he would fare better if he underwent one of the proven and relatively safe heart operations. Cardiac specialists are generally quite accurate when they predict that their critically ill patients will expire in a matter of minutes or hours, but when it comes to predicting a patient's death in a few days or weeks it is a different story. "If you ask me to project beyond a period of days," Dr. Campbell Moses, American Heart Association medical director, has said, "I'd have to say that I would make some terrible mistakes, because there are people living who survived much longer than I thought they would." Indeed, thousands of Americans are walking around in reasonably good health today after being told their heart conditions would soon kill them. Lyndon Johnson himself is one of them. He suffered his heart attack in 1955 and told friends he was a sick man, his chief desire being just to live. Another man, a candidate for a heart transplant at the University of Mississippi Medical Center, startled his doctors by improving enough to go home.

Dr. Dwight Harken, the open-heart surgery pioneer and chief of thoracic surgery at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, summed up the problem some months ago: "Yes, probable mortality rates, biologic barriers, surgery and other complications rise to a level precariously close to the probability of medical prognostic error for the recipient who is to lose the heart that is currently sustaining his life."

Harken's hospital has consistently been an international leader in the cardiac field as well as in kidney and liver transplants, yet heart transplants have been *streng verboten* there because they are regarded as still in the experimental stage. For instance, worried physicians in Houston, which has been billed as the "Heart Transplant Capital of the World," have sent cardiac patients to Boston and Cleveland, not unaware that their patients could help Houston live up to its publicity slogans if they were to enter its hospitals. For months after Dr. Harken stunned and angered the world's heart transplant surgeons last May by publicly urging caution, his was a lonely voice among heart surgeons. He called in vain for a moratorium on the operations in order to allow surgeons and scientists to evaluate the results of the first transplants. Now, a year later, he has seen his thinking endorsed by the prestigious Montreal Heart Institute—although it didn't happen in the way Harken would have wished: the Montreal hospital publicly banned heart transplants after seven of its nine transplantees died.

For some months now, an underground moratorium has been in effect among heart transplant surgeons. Since November 29, only a few transplants have been carried out at the major North American transplant centers, which previously had been performing them at a rapid rate. (During one stretch last spring, Dr. Denton Cooley of Houston did three in five days.) In this regard, the Montreal Institute's public ban has been unusual. Similar public announcements from transplant surgeons who had vigorously endorsed the procedure are unlikely, since they could be interpreted by the public as an admission that heart transplants are not after all a medical miracle promising extended life to hundreds of thousands. The surgeons are thus in the unhappy situation of having to continue to endorse and praise heart transplants while the mortality rate grows. There is, though, some consolation for them in the knowledge that the press is being as circumspect in telling the world about the failings of heart transplants as it was exuberant in reporting the miracle originally. Medical news is good news—wonder drugs and miracle vaccines; severed arms that are sewn back on; children who miraculously recover from open-heart surgery. When medical news is bad, it is muted or ignored. Heart transplant recipients obtain their hearts with front-page headlines. They die on the bottom of an inside page.

THE PUBLICITY GIVEN BEFORE and immediately following heart transplant operations helped to turn the procedure into a competitive race. Its news value has been tremendous. A few weeks after the first operation it was evident that the cardiac transplant had replaced the separation of Siamese twins as the world's favorite surgical freak show. The privacy of the patient—once regarded as sacred in medicine—is now passé in many hospitals. (NBC offered Philip Blaiberg $50,000 for exclusive rights to film his operation, and at St. Luke's Hospital in Houston, reporters and photographers have been escorted through the hospital to interview patients waiting for transplants; one recipient was actually propped up on his feet 36 hours after his operation to pose for photographs.) Television networks, book publishers, mass magazines and newspapers—many of them offering lucrative contracts—seek out the surgeon with the best record. When his patients die, they move on to the next one. If the operation is successful, the recipient and his surgeon become celebrities. An unsuccessful operation means not only that the recipient dies, but also that his surgeon can be considered a public failure.

All this tends to increase the pressure on heart transplant surgeons to help insure success by selecting healthier patients, patients not in critical condition, perhaps even patients who do not need a transplant. Many surgeons have shied away from taking patients on the verge of death. At St. Luke's Hospital, some patients are well enough to wait for weeks for a transplant, and Stanford's heart surgeons are quite open about taking transplant recipients whose conditions are not critical.

Long before the first heart transplant was performed in December 1967, there were hints that the surgical procedure could develop into a grand prix. Clearly, Dr. Norman Shumway of Stanford University was the man to watch. For more than a decade Shumway had labored painstakingly in the laboratory on heart transplantation, experimenting on hundreds of dogs and writing numerous scientific papers on his findings. He played the key role in developing the surgical technique used in heart transplantation. He learned much about the critical area of rejection—how best to attempt to

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monitor it and how best to try to control it. Then, in the November 20, 1967, issue of The Journal of the American Medical Association, it was announced that the time had come: Shumway would perform a human heart transplant as soon as the proper donor and recipient could be found.

The announcement was a tip-off to other surgeons. Halfway around the world in South Africa, Dr. Christiaan Barnard beat Shumway to it, performing the first human heart transplant on December 3, 1967, and following it up a month later, after his first patient died, with the first successful transplant. At the time Dr. Barnard performed his operation, he had not published a single scientific paper on his experimental procedures—an amazing omission for a surgeon developing a new operative technique. And the most revealing information to come from Dr. Barnard's animal experiments in Capetown was the fact that none of his dogs with transplanted hearts had lived longer than eight hours. Fortunately, Dr. Barnard has had better luck with his human subjects.

It was as though Shumway had been plodding step by step up the slopes of Mount Everest for a decade, and just as the summit was in sight, Barnard was lowered to the top in a helicopter. At any rate, Barnard won and collected the victor's spoils. His handsome, photogenic face graced the covers of magazines around the world, from Time to Der Spiegel. He was photographed with Gina Lollobrigida, signed a contract with CBS, had a private audience with the Pope, was flown on a U.S. Air Force jet to Texas so he could barbecue with President Johnson, and gathered up prizes and awards.

Meanwhile, the Shumway team at Stanford was still looking for a recipient. Finally, a prospective recipient named Mike Kasperak was found. Kasperak balked at first. He wanted to stick it out with his own heart. Pressed, he consented and the transplant was performed. After 15 days, the removal of his gall bladder and then his spleen, 288 pints of blood and $28,845.83 in bills, Kasperak expired. Dr. Christiaan Barnard was the undisputed heart transplant champion of the world.

Heart surgeons were very quick to endorse the transplants. When the world's heart transplant experts met last summer in Capetown, Dr. Walton Lillehei of New York was asked for the conclusion of the secret conference. His answer: "Our final conclusion, gentlemen, was that heart transplantation is here to stay." At the time Lillehei, who is one of the most outspoken hawks among heart transplant surgeons, made that statement, the only heart transplant patient he had operated on was dead; 19 of the 26 human transplantees had already died (most of the remaining seven would soon follow) and only one had lived more than a few months.

THE RUNAWAY RACE BY MANY heart surgeons to perform heart transplants contrasts sharply with the measured and cautious manner in which physicians and scientists have approached kidney, liver and lung transplants. Just a few human operations were performed in the early stages of each procedure. This allowed the surgeons and scientists involved to learn from the initial operations, returning to their laboratories to refine their techniques before performing more. The results of kidney transplantation have been encouraging, while the techniques of liver and lung transplantation, though still in question, are at least being developed in an orderly manner.

Of the thousands of animal heart transplants performed throughout the world, there have been only a few long-term survivors. These are trundled out by heart transplant surgeons as evidence that the procedure works. To mention that the vast majority of animal transplants die soon after the operation is not considered constructive. The most ominous sign of all was discovered by Dr. Richard Lower of the Medical College of Virginia, in the animal heart transplants he performed. Dr. Lower found that the transplanted hearts were likely to develop coronary atherosclerosis, which he believes in this instance is a form of rejection of the new heart. Dr. Lower's studies were well-known to the world's heart transplant surgeons, who nevertheless continued performing transplant operations on human subjects. Postmortems on human transplant recipients are revealing similar postoperative developments. In autopsies performed on human transplantees from Montreal to Houston and from Capetown to London, physicians are finding a thickening in the coronary arteries that resembles coronary atherosclerotic heart disease.

There are other problems. When the heart transplant recipient begins to reject his new heart, immunosuppressants are administered. The difficulty is that no reliable method of detecting early rejection has been achieved. Thus, the rejection process is usually underway and perhaps irreversible by the time its occurrence becomes apparent. Furthermore, immunosuppressants can be dangerous in themselves since they raise the risk of infection. And now there is new evidence that the immunosuppressants increase patients' susceptibility to developing cancer.

Finally dismayed by failure, the surgeons are seeking to modify their procedures. There has recently been renewed interest in tissue typing: testing for biochemical differences and similarities between donors and recipients. At first, many surgeons ignored the counsel of immunologists who said that close matches between donors and recipients would improve chances for successful transplants. Now, after the mortality tables have shown that close donor-recipient matches do indeed have the best survival rates, the surgeons are paying more attention to this advice.

Because the restrictions of providing close tissue matches have served to make good donor-recipient matches more difficult to find, the leaders in the heart transplantation field are now talking of establishing a worldwide computer-operated donor-recipient pool to select the best matches. One or the other would be jetted to the site of the operation. Obviously, the cost of such a program would be astronomical.

EVEN IF OUR MEDICAL RESOURCES were inexhaustible—instead of criminally inadequate—the prospects for this type of surgery are severely limited. Granting that some day human heart transplantation will be reasonably well-perfected—and at this point that remains a large assumption—there still will never be enough donor hearts to help more than a small fraction of those who could benefit from them. As this has become more and more apparent, more attention is being focused on the so-called artificial heart. And this brings on an uncomfortable feeling of *déjà vu*.

In January of 1966, Dr. Michael DeBakey of Houston announced to the world that his "artificial heart" was ready for use. The press responded as expected: Dr. DeBakey's

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artificial heart was top national news on and off all year. Actually, only by the wildest stretch of a publicist's imagination could Dr. DeBakey's machine be called an artificial heart. More accurately, it is a ventricular bypass which takes over the pumping function of the heart. And, contrary to the popular image, only a small portion of the equipment is implanted in the patient. Yet calling it an artificial heart had certain publicity advantages. If Dr. DeBakey had announced to the world that his "ventricular bypass" was ready for use, it is doubtful that it would have received any press mention at all. Worse still, the artificial heart/ventricular bypass didn't work too well. It had been expected to be in general use by 1970, and the concept held out a promise of life to 400,000 persons. In three years, it "saved" two patients in seven known attempts—that is, it took over some of their heart pumping function for a few days. In fact, its most impressive accomplishment was to attract massive financial grants to its developers.

The employment of these funds has only quickened the pell-mell rush to open new medical frontiers before old ones are safely secured. Thus, in April, Dr. Denton Cooley, at St. Luke's in Houston, implanted an updated version of an artificial heart—developed by a student of DeBakey's—in a man named Haskell Karp; then, in a remarkable publicity extravaganza, he put Karp's wife on national television to appeal for a human heart donor. Eventually Karp did get a donor heart, flown from Massachusetts, but he died soon after it was implanted.

Dr. Cooley's human experiment apparently did not meet the minimum standards laid down by the U.S. government's National Institute of Health (NIH) for work done with its funds. The heart had been designed by Dr. Domingo Liotta and turned over to Cooley, who used it three days after the last wrinkle was ironed out. NIH had funded Liotta and so held him accountable under its guidelines, which the Institute's director explained this way: "If experiments are going to be carried out on man, every effort must be made to insure the experiment is safely conceived, that the procedure is done with informed consent, that scientific matters involved be reviewed by scientists and physicians at the hospital not involved themselves in the experiments." Liotta's defense of his medical ethics was that NIH funds had gone only to "experience and knowledge"; the resultant device was not bound by the guidelines.

Dr. Cooley himself, who with 18 transplants under his belt is the pacemaker among heart surgeons, has had no trouble financing his work from sources which, like his own Texas Heart Institute, are less priggish in their standards than the NIH. So when questions were asked after Haskell Karp's death, he could reply flatly that he was above responsibility to the government's regulation. And so he is. (That did not prevent his unseemly public spat with the now upstaged Dr. DeBakey.) In this fashion the march of medicine advances.

FROM THE NEARLY SOLID PUBLIC FRONT on heart transplants presented by the medical profession, it would be easy to draw the conclusion that the profession accepted the procedure without question from the start. Actually, there were a few flashes of heresy shortly after the operations began, although the skeptics received very little publicity.

Some doctors, like Dr. Thomas Hale, the recently retired head of the Albany Medical Center Hospital in Albany, New York, questioned whether the high costs of heart transplants were worth it—a heart transplant can cost up to $75,000—or whether, say, the money might be better spent in subsidizing physicians who could care for thousands of poor people in a lifetime. It has been estimated that the cost of a single heart transplant could pay for the education of four physicians. A few others, like Dr. George Burch, president of the American College of Cardiology, called for a moratorium on heart transplants several months ago after the first round of operations was completed. Dr. Burch wanted the profession to digest the information that was developed in the first round before continuing. Senator Walter Mondale of Minnesota has suggested that a commission be created to study heart transplants. He proposed that the commission set broad policy goals but avoid involvement in specific operations and activities. Mondale was in a sensitive area—simply suggest that the government has the right to examine the medical care of its citizens and the medical profession reacts as though someone is going for its jugular. Mondale might just as well have been recommending an epidemic of bubonic plague. His proposal got nowhere.

Physicians engaged in the practice of surgery are governed by their peers, which is to say for the most part they aren't governed. It is as difficult to find a surgeon publicly critical of the work of a colleague as to find a member of the Curia critical of the Pope. The issue of peer group regulation over surgery is an old problem which has never been properly resolved. George Bernard Shaw might just as well have been speaking of heart transplants when he observed, decades ago: "Voices murmur that these operations are necessary. They may be. It may also be necessary to hang a man or pull down a house. But we take good care not to make the hangman and the housebreaker the judges of that. If we did, no man's neck would be safe and no man's house stable. But we do make the doctor the judge." In heart transplants, the dangerous operations are the ones in which the surgeon himself decides who the recipient and donor shall be; so far, this has often been the case. Although the Board of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences has suggested that both the potential donor and recipient be examined by an independent group of competent physicians prior to a heart transplant, the board has no authority to make its suggestion stick.

When Senator Abraham Ribicoff asked Dr. Christiaan Barnard if he thought that only doctors should make the decision on who lives or dies in transplants, the South African surgeon, whose thinking is representative of the medical profession, replied that the suggestion of outside regulation is an "insult to doctors." He argued: "Who decides how to fight a war? The civilians who pay for it or the army generals?"

Dr. Barnard's analogy is acutely apt. It seems that the medical profession, like the military, is bent on expending more than we can well afford on tactics and strategies that an informed public could not countenance but cannot control, and all with a zeal that can be reckless of human perils in its pursuit of glory.

W. David Gardner is a former newspaper medical writer and now a frequent contributor to medical trade journals and other publications.

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An Analysis:

Behind the Sino/Soviet Dispute

The protagonists are, after all, the two pretenders to the leadership of world revolution, each denouncing the chauvinism and imperialism of the other to lay claim to an uninhabited island, ceded under duress by the Manchu Dynasty to Tsar Alexander the Second.

by David Horowitz

THE FLARE-UP OF THE SINO-SOVIET conflict over a barren island in the frozen Ussuri River is such a cryptic cipher in that unfolding history that it may well suggest a satirical conceit of Lewis Carroll rather than a military extension of politics a la von Clausewitz. "We will never allow Soviet revisionists to invade and occupy China's sacred territory—Chenpao Island," proclaims Peking. Sacred territory? A curious category for the Marxist-Leninist dialectic of Chinese communism.

The Russians appear equally incongruous in their efforts to wear the mantle of Lenin along with the raiment of Tsarist territorial conquest. Unhappily for their case, Lenin's government in 1919 actually renounced all Tsarist treaties in China. There was, however, no central government in China at the time to accept the offer, and in the subsequent jockeying for position and power between Stalin's regime, the Japanese conquerors and local Chinese warlords, the former boundaries of the Russian empire were sustained.

The Ussuri River boundary, the current *casus belli*, was established by the Peking Treaty of 1860, under which the Manchu Empire ceded all land east of the river to the Tsars. Boundary lines which run along waterways are generally drawn along the lowest trough of the main channel, or the "thalweg," and it has been suggested that constant flooding of the Ussuri may have shifted its "thalweg" and caused the dispute. In any case, the island itself, which is called "Chenpao" by the Chinese and "Damansky" by the Russians, is so inestimable that it is not identifiable on the most detailed maps

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available—though they do show several other islands in this region of the river.

Despite the appearance of Alice in Wonderland disproportion in the elaborate and costly struggle over this cartographical nonentity, its very insignificance underscores the fact that territory is not the real issue. Chenpao is no more suitable for conquest than for class struggle. This island, becoming the focal point of a larger conflict, has merely flared like a dry leaf under a lens. Even the territorial question *in toto*, which Western observers (with a seemingly indefatigable interest in proving that revolution changes nothing) like to cast as the ultimate ground of Sino-Soviet realpolitik, is primarily a political projection of other, more basic, conflicts.

It is true that Russian propaganda continually inveighs against the alleged territorial ambitions of the Chinese. The poet Yevtushenko, darling of establishment liberals in the Soviet Union, has immortalized the incident in a poem—"On the Red Snow of the Ussuri"—in which he compares the Chinese to the Mongol invaders of the Middle Ages. (It has been noted that in racist conceptions of China the smallest military units are "hordes" and "waves.") The ascription to China of this kind of classic expansionist drive for imperial resurgence has roots in a popular Malthusian determinism about her: it is the child's storybook China come of age—you dig a deep hole to get there, and when you arrive there is no place to sit down. So she bursts her borders. However, this land-hunger theory of Chinese politics, particularly as it relates to China's northern and western borders, bypasses the basic demographic facts about the country: 90-95 per cent of all China's inhabitants live in just one-third of the country, in the southeast. The borderlands contain only about five per cent of the population.

The fact is that territorial issues were not raised in a public and political manner by the Chinese until 1963, the year that the Sino-Soviet conflict broke into the open; and then they were raised in such a way as to make clear that it was this conflict which was being prosecuted in the dispute over territorial borders. Moreover, while the legacies of the imperial past cannot be ignored in analyzing the evolution of the conflict, it is evident from the history of the schism that these alone would not have provoked the serious antagonism which now exists between the two former allies.

Indeed, far more significant than the lingering influence of old empires in stoking the flames of conflict between the two Communist powers has been the imposing presence of a new empire on the rise in Asia: the United States and its Free World co-prosperity sphere. One of the foremost experts on Central Asia, Professor Owen Lattimore, recently summed up the postures of the three powers: "The Soviet Union stands, except for Finland, just about where the Tsarist Empire stood. China, except for the Mongolian People's Republic [which is now "independent" and under Soviet influence], stands just about where the Manchu Empire stood. Only the United States has, with giant strides, advanced its bases and its armed forces into South Korea (there are no Chinese or Russian troops in North Korea), Japan, Okinawa (which has virtually been detached from Japan), Taiwan, the Philippines, South Viet-Nam (there are no Chinese troops in North Viet-Nam), and Thailand." It is this thrust into Asia by the United States, with its clearly demonstrated readiness to inflict unprecedented levels of violence and destruction on Asian peoples, that is at the source of the present open hostility between the two Communist powers; and it is this empire which provides the geopolitical framework within which the Sino-Soviet conflict must work itself out.

[SINO-SOVIET CONFLICT]

ALTHOUGH THE CHINESE CLAIM that it is the "revisionism" of the Russians, and the Russians that it is the "adventurism" of the Chinese, and while Western observers profess to see immutable great power ambitions as the source of the conflict between the two states, the fact of the matter is that the development of the conflict neatly follows the trajectory of America's attitudes toward the two revolutions.

When the United States regarded communism as a monolith (China was nothing but a Russian colony, according to Assistant Secretary of State Dean Rusk in 1951, and the Chinese Revolution little more than a Russian coup d'etat), the two revolutions found their interests mutually served by firm solidarity against Washington's nuclear containment ring. When, however, the United States began to recognize the great power status of the Soviet Union (a recognition greatly stimulated by the Soviet development of H-bombs and ICBM's) and to entertain the possibility of establishing normal relations with Russia while maintaining the isolation of China (as well as the intervention in her civil war and territory), notable fissures began to develop in the hitherto solid alliance. The closer the détente between the U.S. and Russia seemed to be, while China was forced to remain out in the nuclear cold, the more the Chinese felt betrayed by their allies. The Russians, on the other hand, who over decades had come to look upon their revolution as the Sun of the socialist spring, naturally regarded China's growing criticism as ungrateful and spiteful. In addition, Russia saw China's unremitting resistance to U.S. power as dangerous and destructive, and as presenting an insuperable obstacle, so long as the two countries remained allied, to her own desire for détente with the United States. The growing tolerance of Washington for one of the two Communist states, while it maintained a posture of hostility and aggression toward the other, was accompanied, therefore, by a growing intolerance of the two states for each other.

As late as November 1957, a year *after* the famous "revisionist" Twentieth Party Congress in Russia, Mao went to Moscow and proclaimed: "The Socialist camp must have a head, and this head is the USSR. . . . The Communist and workers parties of all countries must have a head and that head is the Communist Party of the Soviet Union." At the same time, however, a development took place which, in combination with Russia's economic resurgence and post-Stalin political stabilization, was to change dramatically the international military situation and the political lines of force dependent on it, including the Sino-Soviet alliance. In August of that year, the Soviet Union successfully tested its first intercontinental ballistic missiles, and in October, during the 40th anniversary celebrations of the Russian Revolution, Sputnik I was launched. For the first time in the Cold War, American society became directly vulnerable to a crippling blow from Soviet nuclear weapons.

The most important consequence of this development for the Russians was the gradual but steady accommodation of

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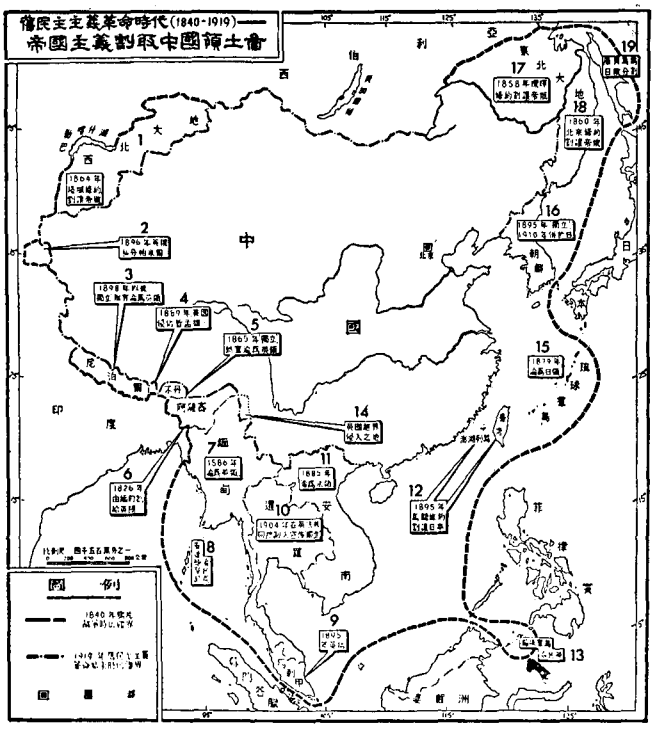
KEY TO MAP of areas seized from Imperial China

(Translation of the information given in boxes on the map.)

1. The Great Northwest: seized by Imperial Russia under the Treaty of Chugachak, 1864. [Parts of present Soviet Kazakhstan, Kirghizstan, and Tadzhikstan.]
2. Pamirs: secretly divided between England and Russia in 1896.
3. Nepal: went to England after "independence" in 1898.
4. Sikkim: occupied by England in 1889.
5. Bhutan: went to England after "independence" in 1865.
6. Assam: given to England by Burma in 1826.
7. Burma: became part of the British Empire in 1886.
8. Andaman Archipelago: went to England.
9. Malaya: occupied by England in 1895.
10. Thailand: declared "independent" under joint Anglo-French control in 1904.
11. Annam: occupied by France in 1885. [Covers present North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia.]
12. Taiwan and P'eng-hu Archipelago [Pescadores]: relinquished to Japan per the Treaty of Shimonoseki, 1895.
13. Sulu Archipelago: went to England.
14. Region where the British crossed the border and committed aggression.
15. Ryukyu Archipelago: occupied by Japan in 1879.
16. Korea: "independent" in 1895—annexed by Japan in 1910.
17. The Great Northeast: seized by Imperial Russia under the Treaty of Aigun, 1858.
18. The Great Northeast: seized by Imperial Russia under the Treaty of Peking, 1860.
19. Sakhalin: divided between Russia and Japan.



American policy to Russia's great power status, culminating in President Kennedy's recognition of the status quo in Eastern Europe in June 1963, and the signing of the nuclear test ban treaty a month later. At the time of the signing, the Kennedy Administration let it be known to "inside" reporters that after the prevention of nuclear war, it regarded the containment of China as the most pressing priority for policy.

Even without this intelligence, the Chinese had little cause to celebrate. Not only had they been excluded from the nuclear club at a time when they were ringed with American nuclear bases and submarines, but the Russians had engineered a détente with the very power that had made China a pariah in the world of nations, and without insisting on any quid pro quo that would lessen the enormous pressure placed on China by the embargo and encirclement. Coming on the heels of Moscow's ignominious retreat from the defense of a small ally in the Caribbean, this rank betrayal of China's interest led to a démarche from Peking, and the first public acknowledgment of the split.

It was at this time, moreover, that the territorial issue was injected into the dispute, principally as a means by which China, as the far weaker of the two powers, was able to strike a nonmilitary blow at her treacherous ally. Four months earlier, the Chinese had first made territorial noises in the course of their criticism of the Kremlin's debacle in Cuba. The gist of the Chinese position was that the Kremlin never should have put missiles in Cuba in the first place, and that once they were there, they should not have been withdrawn under nuclear threat from Washington—appeasement would only whet the aggressive appetite of the American colossus. If Washington could back Moscow down by nuclear blackmail in Cuba, why not elsewhere?

In its defense against Peking's charges of "capitulationism," Moscow pointed to Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macao, the still unliberated colonial enclaves in China. Moscow's analogy was more than a little shaky and hardly met the Chinese criticism head on. Beyond that, to China it was salt in her wounds. China did not retort with tactical distinctions between the two cases. Instead, in an editorial in *Jenmin Jih Pao* in March 1963, the Chinese took the point a step further in the direction that the Russians had unwittingly opened. They reviewed the history of the colonial enclaves, and of the annexation of Chinese territory by outright conquest and by unequal treaties—including the Treaty of Peking with the Russian Tsar.

Thus did the territorial issue enter the Sino-Soviet dispute, providing a well-aimed barb at Soviet great power chauvinism toward its weaker allies. Soon after the territorial issue had been raised, it was taken up in an even more evocative way by Chairman Mao himself, in the course of an interview with Japanese socialists on August 11, 1964. In answer to questions about Japanese territorial claims Mao said: "There are too many places occupied by the Soviet Union. . . . About a hundred years ago, the area to the east of [Lake] Baikal became Russian territory, and since then Vladivostok, Khabarovsk, Kamchatka, and other areas have been Soviet territory. We have not yet presented our account for this list."

[A FEINT TO THE NORTHEAST]

IN ASSESSING THE POLITICAL MOTIVES behind Mao's new territorial gambit, with its specific raising of possible claims in the northern Far East, it is necessary to consider another event in the momentous year prior to the open break between the two countries, an event which occurred in the most strategic and vulnerable of China's own border regions—in the west.

When the Communists took power in 1949, they in effect

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put China under centralized, unified administration for the first time in half a century. In the interim, China had been torn by civil strife with whole regions under the independent rule of various Chinese warlords, as well as foreign powers like Russia and Japan. Among the regions with the most intractable fragmentary tendencies was the western province of Sinkiang (which means "New Frontier").

Sinkiang is a highly strategic area containing Karamai, one of China's chief domestic sources of oil, as well as the nuclear installation site at Lop Nor. The population of Sinkiang is composed predominantly of Turkic Moslems with strong ethnic and cultural affinities to the Kazakh and Uzbek nationalities in Soviet Central Asia. Prior to the Sino-Soviet split, there had been disturbances in Sinkiang, including a major rebellion in 1958. The split brought a new dimension to these problems, because in the '60s, the Soviet Union began actively to promote dissidence and separatist tendencies in the region. Thus the Soviet Radio Tashkent emphasized in Uighur language broadcasts the better economic standard of living enjoyed by the Uighurs living in Sôviet Uzbekistan, and denounced the "assimilationist" campaigns of the Chinese (like the Russians, the Chinese are stimulating settlement of the borderlands and minority regions by the majority population).

In April and May 1962, Russian subversion in Sinkiang reached a climax with several tens of thousands of Sinkiang citizens, notably Kazakhs, fleeing across the border into Soviet Kazakhstan. The incident was first publicly acknowledged by the Chinese in a statement on September 6, 1963, which denounced it as "an astounding event, unheard of in the relations between socialist countries." Soviet intervention in Sinkiang did not cease with this incident. During the height of the Cultural Revolution, for example, Moscow gave pointed political exposure to refugees from Sinkiang and denounced Red Guard attacks on Uighur culture, while the region was in such serious turmoil that the People's Liberation Army had to be called in to restore order.

In view of the situation in Sinkiang, Mao's stirring of the territorial issue in regard to the lands east of Lake Baikal, and China's readiness to mobilize and fight over a barren island there, become intelligible. It is a way of applying pressure on a border region which is sensitive for the Russians (the trans-Siberian rail link to Vladivostok runs perilously close to the border along the Ussuri, while Kamchatka is a Soviet nuclear test site), and of shifting pressure from China's own weak border region in the west.

The connection between the border clash in the Ussuri River and the struggle over Sinkiang 2000 miles away was underscored in official Chinese accounts of the anti-Russian demonstrations following the Ussuri clash. These gave a prominent place to the protest meetings by "well over 2,500,000 revolutionary people of 13 nationalities" in the Sinkiang Uighur Autonomous Region. According to the Peking Review, the deputy commander of the Sinkiang Military Area Command, speaking at a mass rally in the capital city of Urumchi on March 8, denounced the "Soviet revisionists' monstrous crimes," stating that they had "ceaselessly carried out sabotage, subversive and aggressive activities in vainly trying to separate Sinkiang from our great motherland," and warning: "Anyone who has the audacity to try to undermine the unity of the people of all nationalities in Sinkiang or disrupt the unification of our great motherland, and anyone who dares to invade the sacred territory of our great motherland, will surely be hitting his head against a stone wall and will ignominiously end up in utter defeat."

[CRISIS IN THE SOVIET BLOC]

If the Chinese had their compelling reasons for mobilizing along their border in the frozen Siberian far east, there were powerful promptings behind Russia's military buildup and actions as well. Indeed, insofar as an international "incident" took place on Chenpao-Damansky Island on March 2, it may be said to have been authored by the Russians—not necessarily in the sense that Soviet troops fired first or upset the status quo in the island area, but in that Moscow chose to announce the incident to the world, and to conduct what the press has called a "classic atrocity campaign," to whip up national hysteria against China. For military incidents are nothing new to this border region, but never before have they been acknowledged by either of the parties. The question, as Newsweek put it, was "just why had the Russians chosen to balloon a pair of relatively minor border affrays—hundreds of which have occurred along the Sino-Soviet frontier in recent years—into an international *cause célèbre*?"

The answer to the question lies in the growing crisis in the Soviet bloc since the invasion of Czechoslovakia in August 1968, and in the increasingly important role which China has come to play in that crisis.

The crisis is essentially the product of two divergent developments in the Communist world: the re-Stalinization which has taken place in the Soviet Union since the fall of Khrushchev in October 1964, and especially since the American escalation of the war in Viet-Nam; and the de-Stalinization which has continued to progress in the interstate relations of the bloc as a whole, reflecting increased pressures for national autonomy and self-determination. The delayed and dramatic *internal* de-Stalinization in Czechoslovakia prior to the invasion of course greatly intensified these contradictory tendencies.

Since 1956, the political struggle in the Soviet Union has been delineated along liberal-conservative lines between those who want the limited de-Stalinization measures extended and those who want them curtailed, and even reversed. In addition to Soviet liberals—mainly artists, writers and the scientific-technical intelligentsia—the main supporters of de-Stalinization have been the *national* communists in the bloc states, for whom the shattering of the Stalinist monolith means a relaxation of the Kremlin's oppressive centralized control of their national destinies. This link between liberal anti-Stalinism and national self-determination within the bloc (which is supported by liberals and Stalinists alike in the countries involved) remains a key to understanding the present turn of events.

In the wake of his retreat in the Cuban missile crisis, Khrushchev, who had made de-Stalinization the vehicle of his rise to power, found his prestige and position critically undermined. Anti-Khrushchev forces in the leadership began mobilizing immediately, and a resurgence of Stalinism (the natural grouping point of Khrushchev's opponents) soon marked the escalation of the internal struggle. Six months after the crisis, Khrushchev received a substantial respite when the heir

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presumptive, Frol Kozlov, was removed by a heart attack; but the arc of his long-term decline was already set, and on October 14, 1964, the ebullient Ukranian was toppled by a Politburo coup.

For several months the new Brezhnev-Kosygin team marked time. But Khrushchev's appeasement of Washington in the Cuban missile crisis had consequences other than revealing the ineptness of Soviet foreign policy and the weakness of the Soviet Union's commitment to small Communist allies in the face of American power. Washington, newly aware of the extent of this weakness, was emboldened in February 1965 to undertake the bombing of a Communist state and military ally of the Soviet Union, even while the new Soviet Premier, Kosygin, was visiting its capital city, Hanoi. This naked and supremely arrogant act of aggression was so threatening to Soviet national interests that it quickly brought out the hawks in Moscow, and the re-Stalinization movement surged ahead. Appropriately, it was led by the military and first took the form of a series of reappraisals of Stalin's role in the defense of the Soviet Union against the German invasion during World War II. The spokesman of the new movement and the most important force in the leadership behind it was Leonid Brezhnev, who has since emerged as the new strongman of the Kremlin.

While this resurgence of Stalinism was accompanied by increased defense expenditures and stiffened military support for Viet-Nam (although the support given was still less than what was provided for the noncommunist regimes of the Middle East), it did not alter the fundamental lines of Soviet coexistence policy toward Washington and the West, which had been continuous since the era of Stalin and was not fundamentally deviated from by his successors. But it did have major repercussions on Soviet relations with its dependencies in Eastern Europe.

The original de-Stalinization had had, of course, its most dramatic and violent reverberations in Eastern Europe, where nationalism had linked up with anti-Stalinist liberalism to unleash the forces of full-scale revolt. It is therefore not surprising that a repressive re-Stalinization in Russia, combined with a rapid liberalization in the hitherto stalwart Stalinist Czechoslovakia, should have produced in the spring and summer of 1968 the elements of a new explosion.

The Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia to put the lid on a *Communist* regime (not even a coalition of Communist and noncommunist elements as in Hungary) signified a total commitment of the present Soviet leadership to a solution of the tensions within the camp by Stalinist repression and the enforced recognition of the absolute prerogatives of Moscow as the head of the Communist Church. This attempt to reassert a monolithic law for the Communist bloc was formally presented last September in what has become known as the "Brezhnev Doctrine." The doctrine asserts in effect the limited sovereignty of any socialist country accessible to the Red Army and the right of the Soviet Union as the head and guardian of the socialist camp to intervene where it deems necessary to preserve the status quo.

Although there has been protest against the invasion and its consequences inside the Soviet Union from liberal intellectuals, the major opposition to the present bid of the Soviet rulers to turn back the historical clock has come from the liberal parties of the West and the *national* parties of the Communist bloc. Foremost among these latter has been the Communist Party of China. Indeed, the loudest, clearest and—considering its weight in the world Communist movement—most significant voice opposing the Soviet invasion and the Brezhnev Doctrine has been that of Peking, which has denounced the Soviet enclave in Eastern Europe as a prototype for colonial empire, and the invasion as "fascist" aggression. It is the Chinese who have issued the call, "Down with the New Tsars"—in Eastern Europe as in Central Asia—and it is they to whom dissident East European states like Rumania have turned for support.

AGAINST THIS BACKGROUND, the Kremlin's handling of the border incident over Chenpao-Damansky Island becomes intelligible indeed. In Stalinist practice, the way to maintain an orthodoxy, discredit an opposition and render its members unpersons is to put it outside the camp of communism and revolution. Thus it was necessary to fabricate a collusion between Trotskyism, Hitler and the Mikado to make opposition to Stalin impossible in the '30s. An attack by China on the Soviet Union, replete with atrocities, would provide the pretext needed to expel China from the international Communist movement altogether, and to break up the incipient bloc of Chinese and East European opposition to Soviet domination (a war scare would also facilitate the internal repression—and co-optation a la Yevtushenko—of Moscow's anti-Stalinist liberals). How convenient of the Chinese, therefore, to "invade" Damansky Island just prior to the upcoming World Congress of Communist Parties in Moscow!

If there were any doubts as to what thoughts the Kremlin would be entertaining about Peking-style communism when the Congress met, they were dispelled when the Soviet paper Izvestia reported the April meeting of the 9th Congress of the Chinese Communist Party (the post-Cultural Revolution Congress) in the following terms: "The Communist Party of China is no more. The Maoist rally is actually the first Congress of a new organization which has nothing in common with the Communist Party of China or international communism." The message could not have been made more clear. If the Chinese are successfully drummed out of the Communist movement, then ideas which parallel those of the Chinese—for example, that the Kremlin is exploiting Eastern Europe economically and dominating it politically in an imperial manner—will become heretical for any Communist to hold.

But it is not at all clear that the Kremlin leaders will be successful in this effort, even in the short run. Already they have been stymied in their pre-Congress efforts to get the Warsaw Pact countries to denounce China's "aggression." Pressure from the Rumanians, French and Italians delayed the Congress until June, and the Congress itself will be boycotted by the most independent and revolutionary bloc parties: North Korea and Cuba. Moreover, pressure from the Soviet Union's domestic dissenters is increasing. The latter-day Stalinists in the Kremlin may, after all, discover that turning back the clock can be a dangerous and ultimately fatal remedy for being out of touch with the times.

David Horowitz's new book, Empire and Revolution, *a radical interpretation of contemporary history, is being published this month by Random House.*

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Ephemera

TELEVISION

A Doily for Your Mind

"The country is run by business. There are haves, and they want to keep what they've got. The changes that are going on directly threaten their hold on things, so they hold on harder. That's exactly the way it is in the television industry. The haves, like CBS, *aren't letting go of anything."* —TOMMY SMOTHERS

CBS TELEVISION CITY floats serenely and secure in the Los Angeles smog. Huge and austere, formed by the geometry of structural oppression, it sits like a tribute to Pharaoh. Of the streams of people channeled in and out its doors, some are tanned and chic, present only because they are Hollywood's beautiful people. But most are visitors, stalking celebrities down long corridors and hoping somehow to comprehend the nightly mystery they see sandwiched in between commercials. But more scenarios are hidden from them than are shown. Only rarely do the trade secrets inside CBS become public: plays outside the play.

* * *

Monday, March 31: Tommy Smothers, dressed casually in khakis and motorcycle boots and carrying a large briefcase, walks into the wing of Television City allotted to the "Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour." On the walls are signs booming Pat Paulsen for President and scattered Xeroxes from television journals discussing The Great Censorship Struggle with CBS. Short and slight, his blonde hair carefully combed to camouflage thinness at the top, Smothers looks very up-tight, not at all like his light-headed television persona. He nods perfunctorily to his secretaries and goes into his inner office, where he slumps into a chair beneath a large photograph of brother Dickie making a hairpin turn in his sportscar. Staring at an indeterminate point in the ceiling, he mumbles, "I've always had a feeling that this place was bugged."

Normally the subject of gossip, in-jokes and office politics, the simmering feud between the brothers and the network is very much in the public eye this morning, even if the CBS eye remains officially blind to it. Comedian Jackie Mason's attorney has just called to announce that his client is suing the network for millions because his monologue on the previous night's Comedy Hour has been scissored in half. Almost overnight, this show has become one of the famous ones. Originally scheduled for the previous week but delayed because of haggling with the CBS program practices department, its major victim was not Mason, but Joan Baez. The folksinger also has a grievance: the CBS censor may have left intact her ballad to her husband David, who is going to jail for draft refusal, but he has mutilated her eloquent preceding statement. "It's pretty goddamn disgusting," Tommy says, chewing nervously on his fingernails as he sees the incoming calls begin to play computer patterns on his telephone buttons. "When she says he's going to jail—that's left in. When she says why—that's cut out. It's crazy. It leaves the impression that maybe he's committed auto theft or grand larceny or something. You just can't do that to people."

Smothers speaks in his small boy's way, with the wistful, angelic smile he has perfected in his stage role of professional dunce flickering tenuously across his face. The gestures and the voice are the same as those that have come over the screen on Sunday nights for the last three years, but the content is different, putting him into a time-warp. Particularly in this environment, he seems too articulate. "Because of these problems with CBS," he says, "I've come to realize that television is a microcosm of this whole society. The country is run by business. There are haves, and they want to keep what they've got. The changes that are going on directly threaten their hold on things, so they hold on harder. That's exactly the way it is in the television industry. The haves, like CBS, aren't letting go of anything. And the really horrible thing of it is that as a result, television finally manages to deal with nothing at all that affects people between the time they're born and the time they die."

Just back from Washington, where he spoke to the Federal Communications Commission and members of Pastore's Senate subcommittee (which was investigating sex and violence on television) about what he feels is the impending destruction of television, thirty-two-year-old Tommy is the Smothers who is most deeply involved in the ups and downs of the industry. Lately, it has been mostly downs. "It's really starting to get to me now," he says, throwing a half-smoked cigarette into one of the plastic cups on his desk and immediately lighting another. "I got this a couple of days ago," he says, fishing a telegram out of his briefcase. "It shows the kind of response you get from them: 'Please be advised that you are not free to use the Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour as a device to push for new standards. If you cannot comply with our standards—whether or not you approve of them—the Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour cannot appear on CBS.' This is from Bob Wood, president of CBS-TV. That's the kind of attitude you're up against. The thing last night with Joanie is only one of the worse examples of the crap we've gotten. It's been one long series of harassments. Once, for instance, we tried to get in a plug for VISTA, but they said in script consultation that it would be 'influencing pending legislation.' We tried to say something about Mothers for Peace, and they told us that it hadn't been cleared by HUAC, or something like that. You know that Belafonte, Elaine May, Cass Eliot—they've all been censored. We did a long interview with Dr. Spock last fall, and we still can't show it because they tell us he's a 'convicted felon.' All we've ever wanted to do for godssakes was try to get a little serious opinion onto television once in a while."

As their relations with CBS over the past six months developed from occasional skirmishes to a full-scale battle, the Smothers thought about not renewing their contract for next year. But on March 15, they finally decided to sign, committing themselves to 26 shows and the network to $4.5 million over the next nine months. "Next season we'll book who we want and do what we want to on the show," Smothers says with a shrug. "We've tried to do it CBS' way, now we'll do it ours. If the ratings go down, who cares? We didn't intend to stay on forever anyway. We couldn't have. Anybody who tries to do anything worthwhile in this medium is going to get their platform taken

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THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN
A YAQUI WAY OF KNOWLEDGE

BY CARLOS CASTANEDA

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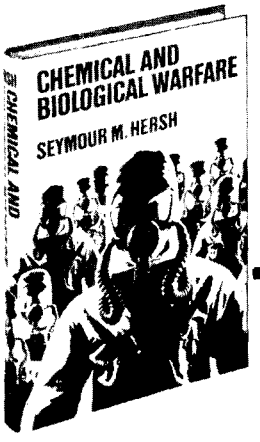

Chemical and Biological Warfare

America's Hidden Arsenal

***by* SEYMOUR M. HERSH**

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—*Publishers' Weekly*

$7.50

Bobbs-Merrill

away sooner or later. That's for sure. But as long as we have it, we'll try to do our thing."

His ex-wife pokes her head in the doorway. She has their four-year-old son with her. Looking shyly at his father, Tommy Jr. walks over to a big wastebasket. He climbs in and gets stuck.

* * *

Friday, April 4: Today, while Smothers is in San Francisco negotiating with Mayor Alioto and the Chamber of Commerce to move next season's show from Television City to the freer environment of the Bay Area, the Columbia Broadcasting System cancels the Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour. It breaks its official silence on the quarrel with a ponderous announcement from New York: "It has become abundantly clear that Tom and Dick Smothers are unwilling to accept the criteria of taste established by the network's program practices division." The legal justification is an alleged breach of contract: CBS claims that it didn't receive the tape of Easter Sunday's show until after the Wednesday pre-viewing deadline. For the further edification of the confused public, it announces that portions of the April 6 show, which is to be replaced by a rerun from November, are in "bad taste." It cites especially a satirical "sermonette" by comedian David Steinberg, which it calls inappropriate for the week of Christ's death and Eisenhower's funeral.

Back on the West Coast, Smothers notes that before shipping the tape of the show in question to New York late Wednesday night, he had cut Steinberg's monologue himself to avoid last minute problems with the censor.

* * *

Wednesday, April 9: It has been a busy weekend for Tommy Smothers and his staff. While one CBS vice president was telling them, "Keep your cool, we can work this thing out," others were firming up the cancellation. As of now, the Smothers Brothers are off the air, perhaps forever. Tommy has just returned from a hectic trip to New York for a press conference, with a stopover in Toronto, where the April 6 show was shown intact over Canadian television and was well received. Now he wants to meet the West Coast press, and he brings with him a tape of the program that CBS used as an excuse for the cancellation, including the segment with David Steinberg. After showing it, he will answer questions about the fate of the Comedy Hour.

The small, makeshift auditorium is darkened and the 50 or so people in the audience watch the show on three color monitors set up in different locations in the room. The consensus is that it is a good show, funny and with some pungent comments on Senator Pastore and his committee. Several times the audience breaks into applause, especially when Smothers and guest star Dan Rowan of "Laugh-In" award the "Fickle Finger of Fate" to Pastore. There is already a feeling *of nostalgia when* the show concludes, and some of the people from Smothers' staff have teary eyes as the lights come on.

Coming up to the front of the room, Smothers looks tired and worn. His hands shake slightly as he stands uncomfortably at the podium, explaining the genesis of his problems with CBS and the implications for television of his show's cancellation. His attempted jokes are weak and spiritless. "They've handled themselves very badly in this whole thing," he says angrily of the network. "They have no integrity whatsoever. If they wanted us off, they could have come to us and said, 'Let's make some adjustments,' but they preferred to fabricate something about the delivery of tapes to break the option. I can see why we're doing so badly in the Paris peace talks if this is the way people 'negotiate' in this country." He says that he will continue to fight to stay on network television, and that if another network doesn't pick up his show, he will initiate a "very large antitrust suit." In response to a question, he says that he won't sue CBS for the $4.5 million the Comedy Hour is technically owed for next season, because he wants to be on the air, not in litigation. He concludes by adding that in his opinion, the cancellation is just one of many indications that television programming is going to become, if possible, even more like "homogenized pablum" than it is now.

Smothers is immediately surrounded by radio newscasters for interviews as he begins to walk off. Some of the television stations have sent cameras. CBS News is not present.

* * *

SINCE COMING ON THE AIR in 1966 as competition for "Bonanza," the Comedy Hour has been one of the most popular shows on television. It has also been the most controversial, and from the onset, CBS decided that it was a problem child requiring special restrictions on its behavior lest it become too unruly. It was the only show on the network which was required to fly complete tapes of each program to the CBS New York headquarters for pre-viewing in advance. Every Friday afternoon at 5:30, the network beamed the next week's show over closed circuit to all 200 of its affiliates. When the regional prejudices had been collated and weighed, the program practices department added its own objections and got out the shears.

Until a few months ago, the Smothers fought this process as much as they could, assuming that they would eventually reach a working agreement with the network. And they were blessed with an occasional victory, as in the case of Pete Seeger's first major network appearance since being shackled with an unofficial blackball during

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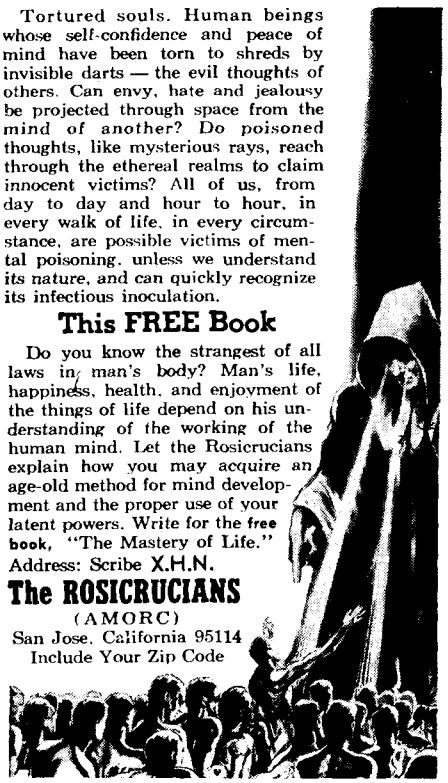

the McCarthy era. Seeger's version of "Waist Deep in the Big Muddy," a pointed attack on the war and LBJ, was telecast in 1967 after prolonged negotiations with the network, even though some CBS affiliates, like the Detroit station, opted for leaving a 15-minute hole in the program. But victories became increasingly rare, especially as the Smothers became more adventuresome and more involved in the escalating culture of dissidence. An increasing amount of their material joined the Dr. Spock interview (and Harry Belafonte singing a calypso song before a collage background of the events at the Democratic convention in Chicago) in that special cutting-room purgatory reserved for offensive material.

Despite their status as stars, the Smothers gradually found that the star system did not give them power, but just made them more glamorous thralls to a larger system, whose motivations were Kafkaesque. Smothers complained constantly to CBS that although the network refers constantly to its "standards," it has never listed them, even generally. (One of the officials in the New York program office notes, "We don't need to have a written list of standards. We know what will make an audience pick up the phone and scream, and all we have to do is keep this knowledge in mind when looking at one of the Smothers' programs.") Smothers requested that the network allow its affiliates to do the censoring; the request was refused. He asked CBS simply to erase words or phrases that it found objectionable, but a network representative reminded him that there were lip-readers in the viewing audience; also, CBS didn't want anyone to know they practiced network censorship. Finally, Smothers took to doing preemptive cutting of his own shows, delivering tapes with cuts made as roughly as possible so that the viewers would at least know that some process had been at work on the final product they were watching.

No matter how mistaken in other matters, CBS was right in its charges that the Comedy Hour tended to irritate viewers. It outdrew any other CBS show in mail by a ratio of about 50-1. Most of it has been adverse, and, especially after something like the Seeger appearance, there have been organized letter-writing campaigns, with CBS receiving hundreds of postcards bearing the same postmark and message, but different signatures. The brothers also get a good deal of personal mail, some reminding them that their father was killed in World War II and would turn over in his grave if he knew about his unpatriotic sons. But the network's concern over audience response has risen in almost direct proportion to the degree to which the issues involved graduated from the content of the programs to who has the power to decide programming standards.

What CBS had not learned in its dealings with other stars was that there were some for whom star status did not mean an end to education.

Smothers has pointed out repeatedly that he is "not a heavy cat intellectually, but a very average person in a very oppressed medium." By the standards of any other form of communication, the Comedy Hour's satire has been light, its politics only vaguely leftist, and its ironies pointed but far less harsh than the realities warranted. But still, it was the only thing of its kind on the air, with the possible exception of "Laugh-In," which specializes in what Smothers refers to as "naughties." The Comedy Hour reflected the Smothers' own increasing awareness of the contradictions in American society—an awareness which began with their concern over the war in Viet-Nam. The brothers tried to present unknown, iconoclastic performers, as well as to bring back those, like Seeger and Joan Baez, who have been unofficially outlawed. In addition to its criticisms of Viet-Nam and the President in front of a large, varied audience, it did things no other show did—like presenting a very serious vignette concerning the American Indian on its Thanksgiving show. It also made small but important gestures, like reminding its viewers of the anniversary of Martin Luther King's death. In a sense the

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show was unparalleled, and therefore automatically doomed. The Smothers generally tried to speak for the young and the minorities, knowing that they would not have trial by their peers: as Smothers points out with bitter irony, the CBS vice president in charge of censorship is in his late fifties and is reactionary in his politics and social outlook.

In their constant struggle with CBS, the Smothers ran head on into a paradox which should intrigue even the intellectual snobs who dismiss television as irrelevant: while the other media are being rapidly liberated from restriction, television is sinking deeper and deeper into repression. There is a flourishing underground in literature, film and even drama that is forcing change on the middle-brow expressions of those forms. But there has been nothing in television, which reaches the greatest mass-cult audiences of all, except documentaries that come along too late with too little, the incapacitated Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour, and the trivia-ridden "Laugh-In." Now there are only documentaries and "Laugh-In."

In a statement released after the cancellation of the Comedy Hour, Nicholas Johnson, a member of the FCC, said, "Bob Hope's commentary about the Viet-Nam war seems fully acceptable to the network, and so do other entertainers' critical observations about protesting college students. One is left with the conclusion that the only kind of social comment that is unfit for television is that which involves some unpopular opinion." The networks themselves were promoting the notion, in the wake of the Pastore subcommittee hearings, that the government was on the verge of involving itself in censorship. But Tommy Smothers, on his recent trip to Washington, found that this was a smokescreen. "Kennedy and several others all told me," he says, "that it isn't the government you have to worry about, but the stations themselves. And that's where it's at: the networks are reactionary, conglomerate-minded, and beyond any kind of rational influence. They're still working under the assumptions about this society that they dreamed up during the hysteria of the '50s. It's like [the FCC's] Johnson says, 'The stifling weight of censorship is to be found only in the conference rooms of this nation's large television networks.' "

* * *

Like the entire CBS monolith, Television City in Los Angeles has been only remotely disturbed by the public mini-drama that the Smothers Brothers have caused. The people still come and go, talking of Mission Impossible. And outside, high above all the buildings, the familiar CBS eye still rides as surely as the eagle of the American empire. It is the size of 20 billboards, visible from blocks away. Staring lidlessly out at the world, this is the network's vision of itself, meant by some commissar of design to

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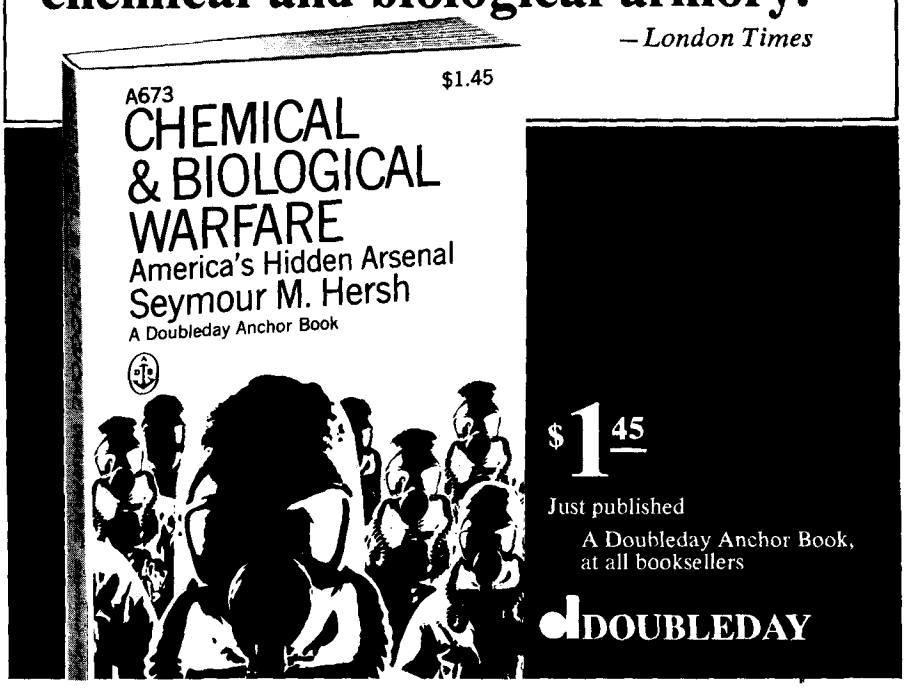

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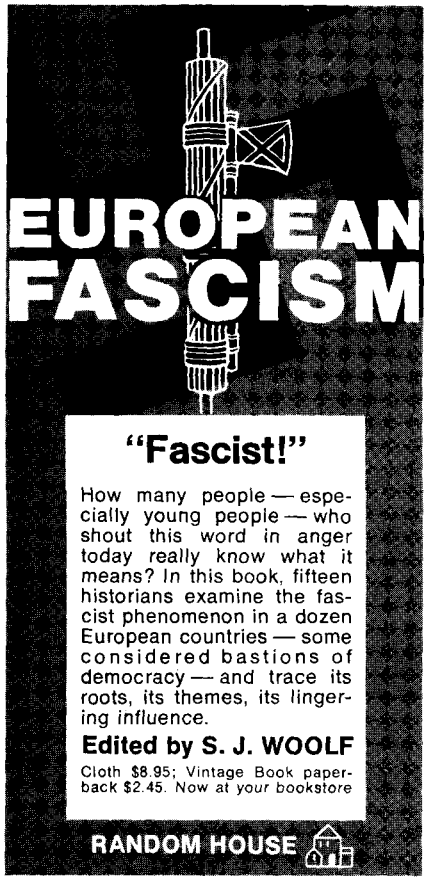
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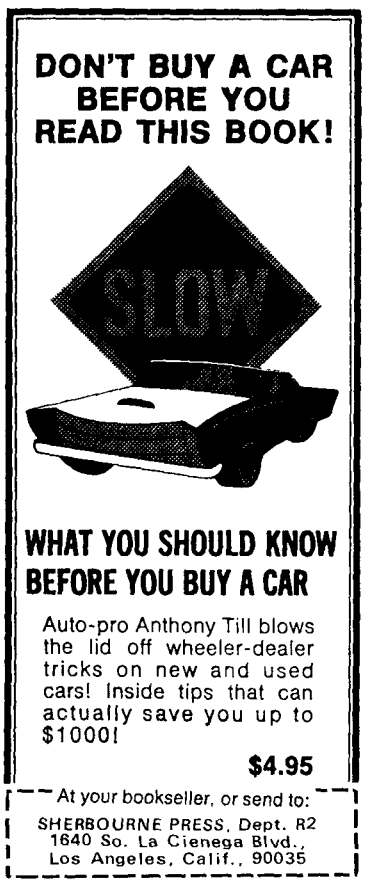
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—PETER COLLIER

BOOKS:

Reviewing the Ray Case

THE STRANGE CASE OF JAMES EARL RAY: The Man Who Murdered Martin Luther King. *By Clay Blair Jr. New York: Bantam Books. 244 pp. $.95.*

JUDGE BATTLE: *Has any pressure of any kind by anyone in any way been used on you to get you to plead guilty?*

JAMES EARL RAY: *Now what did you say?*

His Honor the late W. Preston Battle did not repeat the question at the March 10 court session in which he accepted Ray's guilty plea. Instead, he moved on to the next question in a litany designed to satisfy the record that the accused was making the plea of his own free will and fully understood the defense-prosecution agreement that would spare him a possible death sentence.

The lawyer who counseled Ray to make the agreement was the famed Percy Foreman. At the original extradition hearing in London last June, Ray had loudly proclaimed his innocence, and his first attorney, Arthur J. Hanes of Birmingham, had prepared an elaborate defense contending that he was the dupe of a conspiracy. Suddenly, on December 11, Ray dropped Hanes and retained Foreman.

Evidently, the great mouthpiece from Houston intended from the beginning to advise his client to plead guilty. "When a man accused of murder sends for Percy Foreman," he declared in an incredible post-plea article in Look, "I show him the courtesy of assuming he is guilty and that he hopes I can save him from excessive punishment." A heretofore undisclosed event indicates that guilty plea negotiations were in the works very early: on December 19, Memphis prosecutor Phil M. Canale telephoned the civil rights division of the U.S. Department of Justice in Washington to find out if it would have any objection to a guilty plea. It had none.

But even the persuasive Foreman could not bring off this maneuver without complications. Two days before the plea was to be entered, Ray sent a note to Judge Battle saying that he wanted to fire Foreman. This caused Canale and Foreman to spend a good part of the next day verbally rubber-hosing the recalcitrant Ray. Ray finally went along with the guilty plea, but after Foreman and Canale had pontificated about the lack of evidence of a conspiracy, he interrupted the scenario to state that he wanted the record to show that he disagreed with the "no conspiracy" theory.

Hardly had the prison doors clanged shut behind him when Ray notified Judge Battle that he wanted to withdraw his guilty plea and stand trial. Foreman, he claimed, had pressured him into the plea.

IT WAS THE GUILTY PLEA which gave Blair the green light to publish this book, for it legally fortified the thesis that Ray was, as the subtitle puts it, The Man Who Murdered Martin Luther King. *The Strange Case of James Earl Ray* is one of those frenetic "instant" books geared to hit the streets within a couple of weeks of a dramatic event, and Blair's recital of Ray's tawdry background makes dreary reading. James Earl Ray could have been any one of thousands of two-bit crooks roaming the river towns of Illinois and Missouri. Why bother to Boswell him? Blair seems to think that somewhere in the nooks and crannies of Ray's life might be found the clue to why he killed King. But it isn't there, and Blair is left with the speculation that Ray may have acted out of a consuming need for recognition—the same "motivation" ascribed to Lee Harvey Oswald and Sirhan Sirhan.

During the hiatus between Blair's completion of the biography and Foreman's guilty plea, events conspired to prevent the image of Ray as a lone, self-motivated assassin from being very convincing. The same newspapers that had had no difficulty in accepting the Warren Report were playing up the imponderables in the Ray case. Where did Ray get the $12,000 he had spent since breaking out of prison, they asked. How could a man of Ray's mean background conceive and carry out a sophisticated assassination and escape scheme? Even Canale, Foreman and author William Bradford Huie concede that there are unanswered questions, and acknowledge that their conclusions are tenuous. If NBC's David Brinkley can publicly protest, "There *must* have been a conspiracy; there *must* have been other people involved," one must assume that the conspiracy theory is, in this case, close to an establishment position.

Blair recognized all this and did some last minute updating to come to grips with it. He clings to the notion that Ray was the gunman, but leaves open the possibility that he was "the pawn of a massive conspiracy." Unfortunately, Blair's travels were over by the time conspiracy became a question, so he was forced to rely on secondary sources, mainly William Bradford Huie's two-part series in Look.

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Huie paid Ray $30,000 for his story, which was handwritten and transmitted in segments via attorney Arthur Hanes. After escaping from prison, Ray told Huie, he dallied in the U.S., then headed for Montreal, Canada, with the intent of acquiring money and identification to make it to a sanctuary in South America. He vowed never to return to the United States.

In a seamen's tavern, Ray's account went, he met a sandy-haired man of French or Spanish extraction who went by the name Raoul. Blair reports that "the FBI, the Memphis investigators and the RCMP [Royal Canadian Mounted Police] have found no trace of 'Raoul' and are certain that he does not now, nor did he ever, exist." But the fugitive Ray *did* backtrack to the United States. He said that Raoul paid him well to smuggle narcotics from Windsor to Detroit, then instructed him to go to Birmingham and gave him a New Orleans telephone number as a contact point.

The FBI's investigation confirms that in Birmingham, Ray paid nearly $2000 cash for a white Mustang, and shortly thereafter left on a trip that took him to Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, and finally to Los Angeles. He held no job, but he was always able to produce a roll of $20 bills. Ray told Huie that his instructions were to go on a long sojourn but to maintain contact.

Ray claimed to Huie that on March 15, instructions arrived from Raoul to return east. He went to Atlanta, checking into an obscure rooming house. Then on March 29, he inexplicably drove all the way to Birmingham to purchase a rifle. On the fatal day, he transported the rifle to Memphis and at 3:15 p.m. checked into Bessie Brewer's rooming house, to the rear of the Lorraine Motel.

DESPITE ALL THE INFORMATION he did volunteer, however, Ray never supplied a confession detailing how he killed King. On the contrary, he insisted that he was accompanied to the scene by Raoul, and that when the shot rang out Raoul was inside the rooming house and he, Ray, was sitting in front in the white Mustang. Raoul dashed out, dropped the rifle and jumped into the back seat, covering himself with a sheet. Eight blocks away, he hopped out at a red light. Ray drove back to Atlanta and, realizing he was "hot," made his way to Canada.

At first blush the story sounds like pure fantasia. But the investigation of attorney Arthur Hanes tends to corroborate it. From the accounts of witnesses, Hanes is satisfied that there were two men at Mrs. Brewer's place. For example, at the time that the gunman was locked in the bathroom waiting for King to appear, witnesses were certain that a man was sitting in the white Mustang. Mrs. Brewer and an onlooker, who were present when a "John Willard" registered at 3:15, at least tenuously identified Ray. Who, then, was the man who burst out of the bathroom after the shooting? The state's star witness is Charlie Q. Stephens, a roomer, who said he looked like Ray. But Hanes says that Stephen's wife, Grace Hays Stephens, told him that Charlie was drunk and saw nothing. She described the man as much shorter and lighter than Ray, weighing no more than 125 pounds (Ray is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs over 160 pounds), and wearing an Army jacket (the "John Willard" who checked in was neatly attired in suit and tie).

Ray's abandoned car in Atlanta yielded additional substantiation of his story. Hanes discloses—the FBI never publicly did so—that a man's clothing was found in the trunk and that it was way too small for Ray. Moreover, the ashtrays brimmed with cigarettes; Ray did not smoke. And in the back seat there was a sheet.

Witnesses had reported seeing two white Mustangs parked near the entrance to Mrs. Brewer's. Ray's, with its Alabama tags, was to the north, the other to the south. Hanes adds that the second Mustang had a whip-lash antenna, indicating it was equipped with a transmitter. Within a half hour of the shooting, the Memphis police radio was urgently reporting the progress of a high-speed chase north out of the city, in which a blue Pontiac was on the tail of a white Mustang. The broadcast emanated from a citizens'-band transmitter, and was relayed

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by the police dispatcher. Blair discounts it as probably "the work of a highly imaginative young boy, intending no malice." I find this difficult to believe, since the first radioed police alert for a "late model white Mustang" did not go out until about five minutes after the "chase" began.

JUST AFTER RAY CLAIMS he met Raoul in Montreal, he took a luxurious holiday in the Laurentian Mountains with a girl acquaintance, but he cut the trip short with the explanation he had to see his "brother" back in the city. When offered a job following completion of a bartending course in Los Angeles, he declined on the excuse he would have to leave town "to see my brother." My inquiries reveal that he mentioned to acquaintances in Los Angeles that he picked up money from his "brother" at the post office. When he purchased the rifle in Birmingham, he volunteered to the salesman that he wanted it to go hunting with his "brother." So incriminatingly redundant was his use of the term that the FBI, in its original wanted bulletin for him under his alias Eric Starvo Galt, charged that he had conspired with a brother.

Ray let pass to Huie that Raoul was actually the "brother" he had had to see in Montreal. The most logical inference to be drawn from this is that Raoul and/or persons unknown exerted a supervisorial control over Ray. In turn, this master-servant relationship may explain some of the seemingly pointless things Ray did. He religiously used the public booth in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel in Hollywood each evening about six to make long-distance calls. After one such call, he drove nonstop to New Orleans, finished his "business" in one day, and returned to Los Angeles. And, of course, he went all the way to Birmingham to buy a gun he could easily have bought in Atlanta.

It seems to me quite possible to assume that Ray had in fact come under the aegis of a group which, whatever its other activities, was bent on destroying King; that his superior had gulled him into believing he would participate and share in a "big score," after which he could live comfortably in a foreign land; and that Ray showed up in Memphis per instructions without the slightest idea that a "score" as monumental as the murder of a Nobel Peace Prize winner was in the works.

Blair does not help to unravel all this confusion. And in his account of Ray's arrest at the London airport, he relies on "official" data which help muddy the waters even more. Remember that bleak Saturday, June 8, when coverage of Bobby Kennedy's funeral was interrupted with the news that Ray had been caught? The story went that a sharp-eyed British officer had spotted the name Ramon George Sneyd, under which alias Ray had obtained a Canadian passport, on the passenger list of British European Airways flight 075, incoming from Lisbon.

That version was quickly scrubbed and a new one put forth. This one had "Ray" returning to London from Lisbon in mid-May. For three days previous to the arrest, it was reported, a Ramon George Sneyd had stayed at the Pax Hotel in London's Pimlico district. He was booked on a flight to Brussels leaving at 11:50 a.m., and checked out of the Pax about nine. Blair recounts uncritically that Sneyd, whom he flatly states to be Ray, checked in with immigration at the airport about a half hour before flight time. At that moment he was taken into custody.

Several months ago London publisher Peter Dawnay decided to explore this discrepancy. His inquiries determined that *two* men using Ramon George Sneyd passports were arrested. The first was nabbed not in the waiting room by a minor officer, as the official story later said, but at 6:15 a.m. on the catwalk from the Lisbon aircraft by no less a personage than Thomas Butler, head of Scotland Yard's famed Flying Squad. The second, who evidently was unaware of the early morning arrest, presented his passport to an immigration official at 11:15 a.m. The official, responding to the stop on the Sneyd passport, summoned Detective Sergeant Phillip F. Birch of Special Branch, who made the arrest. Dawney was also told by Mrs. Anna Thomas, proprietress of the Pax, that her tenant in no way resembled the photographs and descriptions of the real Ray.

THE EXACT FIVE-HOUR DIFFERENCE in the arrests, and the fact that Washington time is five hours behind London, may account for some of the confused reportage. Nearly every newspaper report said Ray was apprehended after arriving from Lisbon, and just about every story repeated J. Edgar Hoover's announcement that the arrest took place at 11:15 a.m. London time. But there is no doubt that Ray was the one arrested at 6:15 a.m.

Who is the second Sneyd whose existence has vanished in official cover-up? This is just one of the numerous enigmas marking the case which militate against the lone assassin theory, and make Clay Blair's book less than satisfactory. But despite its glaring faults, *The Strange Case of James Earl Ray* is valuable. It is roughly equivalent to Sylvan Fox's *The Unanswered Questions About the Kennedy Assassination*, an early paperback that helped cast doubt on the Warren Report though proposing no countertheory. Hopefully, the myriad question marks in his book will goad Mr. Blair to join in seeking the true story of who killed Martin Luther King.

—WILLIAM W. TURNER

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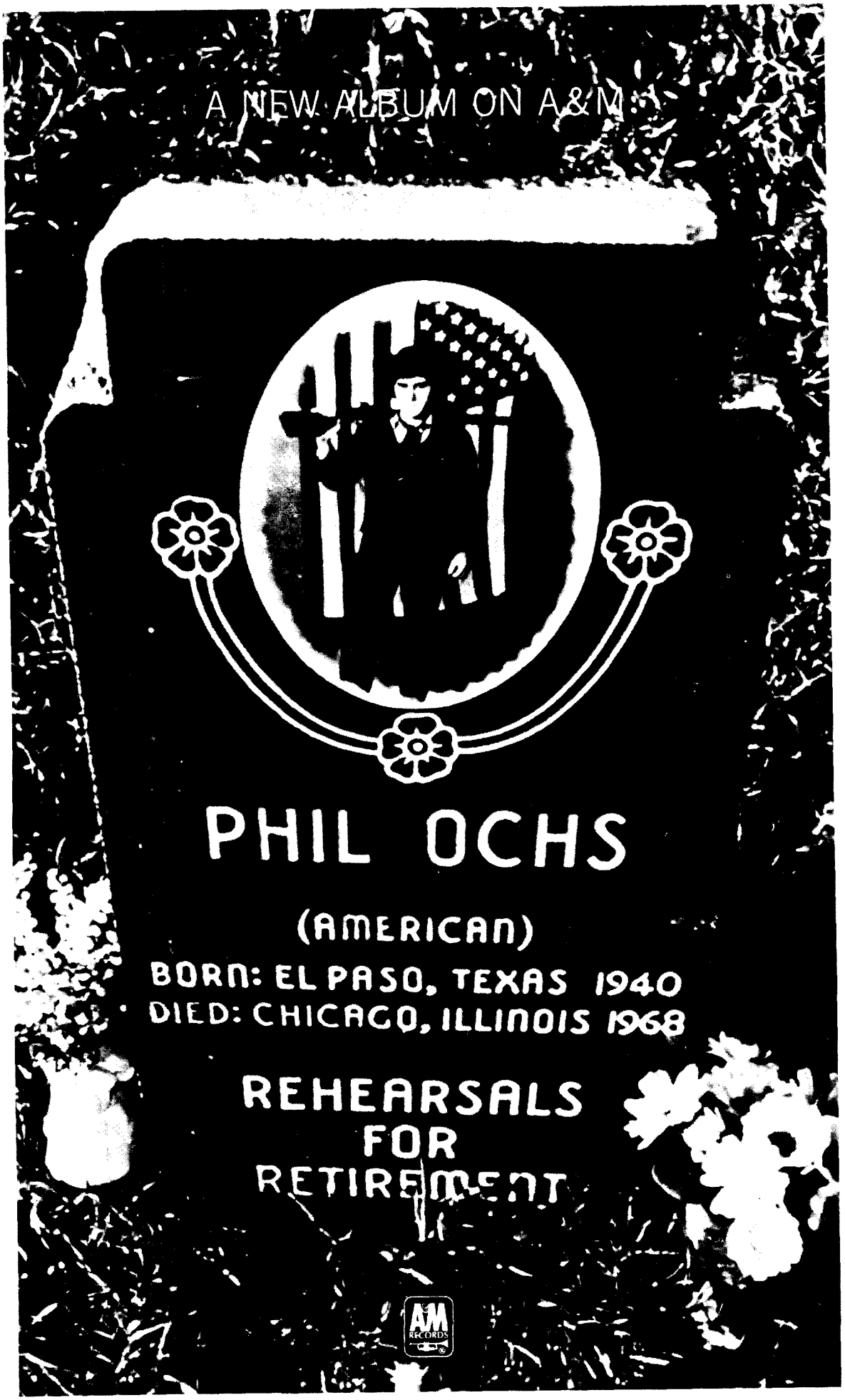

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BALLANTINE'S COMPLAINT, *Chapter One:*

My Funny Ballantine?

HERMAN BALLANTINE, *President*

No Not any more! But in 1965 ... listen don't remind me.

ANALYST: Alright.

BALLANTINE: A man goes to Europe for a little rest, turns his brewery over to his wife's relatives to run and comes home to a disaster area.

ANALYST: Umm hmm.

BALLANTINE: No sooner am I on the steamship ... hadn't even got the cellophane off the *fruit* ... when one relative (behind my back in Newark), is changing the classic label with the three rings, while the other one decides to do me a favor and horse with the Ballantine Beer formula which was only good enough since 1840 that's all.

ANALYST: When did you first spot the change in your brew?

BALLANTINE: One sip at my homecoming party the cat was out of the bag. Some sweet surprise for Herman Ballantine eh? Like a knife through the heart.

ANALYST: After the beer had been uhhhhh "tampered" with ... sales fell off?

BALLANTINE: Fell off? Wouldn't "plummeted" be a better word?

ANALYST: But surely you've restored the original formula ...

BALLANTINE: You kidding? The minute I discovered it. But a lot of people meanwhile had switched to other beers. They don't know it's the old Ballantine flavor again.

ANALYST: I'm sorry Mr. Ballantine we'll have to stop now.

BALLANTINE: But that's not the end of the story!!

ANALYST: Yes, well ... the hour's up we'll have to continue tomorrow.

BALLANTINE: Can I lie here a couple minutes? I don't feel so good.

P. BALLANTINE & SONS, *Newark, N.J.*

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